



GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOT of our City of *London*, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the *ILIAD* of HOMER from the *Greek* in Six Volumes in Folio by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOT has inform'd Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOT. He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleas'd to encourage so useful a Work, are pleas'd to condescend to his Request, and do therefore give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOTT our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the said *ILIAD* of HOMER translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE, for, and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof; strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens and Company of Stationers of our City of *London*, Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the sixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command

JAMES STANHOPE.



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THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

Translated by Mr. P O P E.

V O L. VI.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque Puer——*

H O R.

L O N D O N :

Printed by W. BOWYER, for BERNARD LINTOT be-
tween the Temple-Gates. 1720.

THE
DAILY
OF
GEORGE
HOMER

Translated by Mr. P. O. P. A.

VOL. VI.

THE
HOMER

LONDON

Printed by W. BOWYER, for BERNARD LINTOT be-
tween the Temple-Gates. 1720.

THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

B

The ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

THE Trojans being safe within the Walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his Son to re-enter the Town. Hecuba joins her Entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what Measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his Resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the Walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the Fate of Hector, at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the Shape of Deiphobus, he stands the Combate, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead Body at his Chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their Lamentations, Tears, and Despair. Their Cries reach the Ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the Palace: She mounts up to the Walls, and beholds her dead Husband. She swoons at the Spectacle. Her Excess of Grief, and Lamentation.

The thirtieth Day still continues. The Scene lies under the Walls, and on the Battlements of Troy.

T H E

THE
 TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
 OF THE
 I L I A D.

THUS to their Bulwarks, smit with Panick
 Fear,

The herded *Ilians* rush like driven Deer;

There safe, they wipe the briny Drops away,

And drown in Bowls the Labours of the Day.

Close to the Walls advancing o'er the Fields, 5

Beneath one Roof of well-compacted Shields

March, bending on, the *Greeks* embodied Pow'rs,

Far-stretching in the Shade of *Trojan* Tow'rs.

Great *Hector* singly stay'd; chain'd down by Fate,

There fixt he stood before the *Scæan* Gate; 10

Still his bold Arms determin'd to employ,

The Guardian still of long-defended *Troy*.

Apollo

Apollo now to tir'd *Achilles* turns;

(The Pow'r confest in all his Glory burns)

¹⁵ And what (he cries) has *Peleus'* Son in view,

With mortal Speed a Godhead to pursue?

For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,

Unskill'd to trace the latent Marks of Heav'n.

What boots thee now, that *Troy* forsook the Plain?

²⁰ Vain thy past Labour, and thy present vain:

Safe in their Walls are now her Troops bestow'd,

While here thy frantick Rage attacks a God.

The Chief incens'd---Too partial God of Day!

To check my Conquests in the middle way:

²⁵ How few in *Ilion* else had Refuge found?

What gasping Numbers now had bit the Ground?

Thou robb'st me of a Glory justly mine,

Pow'rful of Godhead, and of Fraud Divine:

Mean Fame, alas! for one of heav'nly Strain,

³⁰ To cheat a Mortal, who repines in vain.

Then to the City, terrible and strong,

With high and haughty steps he towr'd along.

So the proud Courser, victor of the prize,

To the near Goal with doubled Ardor flies.

Him,

Him, as he blazing shot across the Field, 35
The careful Eyes of *Priam* first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the Sight
Thro' the thick Gloom of some tempestuous Night
Orion's Dog (the Year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feeble Stars exerts his Rays; 40
Terrific Glory! for his burning Breath
Taints the red Air with Fevers, Plagues, and Death.
So flam'd his fiery Mail. Then wept the Sage;
He strikes his rev'rend Head now white with Age:
He lifts his wither'd Arms; obtests the Skies; 45
He calls his much lov'd Son with feeble Cries;
The Son, resolv'd *Achilles'* Force to dare,
Full at the *Scæan* Gates expects the War;
While the sad Father on the Rampart stands,
And thus adjures him, with extended Hands. 50

Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest Son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that Fury of the Plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be 55
To all th' Immortals hateful as to me!

Thee, Vultures wild should scatter round the Shore
 And bloody Dogs grow fiercer from thy Gore.
 How many valiant Sons I late enjoy'd,
 60 Valiant in vain! by thy curst Arm destroy'd:
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant Isles
 To shameful Bondage and unworthy Toils.
 Two, while I speak, my Eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one Mother sprung, my *Polydore*,
 65 And lov'd *Lycaon*; now perhaps no more!
 Oh if in yonder hostile Camp they live,
 What Heaps of Gold, what Treasures would I give?
 (Their Grandfire's Wealth, by right of Birth their own,
 Consign'd his Daughter with *Lelegia's* Throne)
 70 But if (which Heav'n forbid) already lost,
 All pale they wander on the *Stygian* Coast;
 What Sorrows then must their sad Mother know,
 What Anguish I? Unutterable Woe!
 Yet less that Anguish, less to her, to me,
 75 Less to all *Troy*, if not depriv'd of thee,
 Yet shun *Achilles*! enter yet the Wall;
 And spare thy self, thy Father, spare us all!

Save thy dear Life; or if a Soul so brave
Neglect that Thought, thy dearer Glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver Hairs; 80
While yet thy Father feels the Woes he bears,
Yet curst with Sense! a Wretch, whom in his Rage
(All trembling on the Verge of helpless Age)
Great *Jove* has plac'd, sad Spectacle of Pain!
The bitter Dregs of Fortune's Cup to drain: 85
To fill with Scenes of Death his closing Eyes,
And number all his Days by Miseries!
My Heroes slain, my Bridal Bed o'erturn'd,
My Daughters ravish'd, and my City burn'd,
My bleeding Infants dash'd against the Floor; 90
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
The last sad Relick of my ruin'd State,
(Dire Pomp of sov'reign Wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the Pavement of my regal Hall; 95
Where famish'd Dogs, late Guardians of my Door,
Shall lick their mangled Master's spatter'd Gore.
Yet for my Sons I thank ye Gods! 'twas well:
Well have they perish'd, for in Fight they fell.

Who

100 Who dies in Youth, and Vigor, dies the best,
 Struck thro' with Wounds, all honest on the Breast.
 But when the Fates, in Fulness of their Rage,
 Spurn the hoar Head of unresisting Age,
 In Dust the rev'rend Lineaments deform,

105 And pour to Dogs the Life-blood scarcely warm;
 This, this is Misery! the last, the worst,
 That Man can feel; Man, fated to be curst!

He said, and acting what no Words could say,
 Rent from his Head the silver Locks away.

110 With him the mournful Mother bears a Part;
 Yet all their Sorrows turn not *Hector's* Heart:
 The Zone unbrac'd, her Bosom she display'd;
 And thus, fast-falling the salt Tears, she said.

Have mercy on me, O my Son! Revere
 115 The Words of Age; attend a Parent's Pray'r!

If ever thee in these fond Arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant Clamours at this Breast;

Ah do not thus our helpless Years foregoe,
 But by our Walls secur'd, repel the Foe.

120 Against his Rage if singly thou proceed,
 Should'st thou (but Heav'n avert it!) should'st thou bleed

Nor
 1

Nor must thy Corps lye honour'd on the Bier,
Nor Spouse nor Mother grace thee with a Tear;
Far from our pious Rites, those dear Remains
Must feast the Vultures on the naked Plains. 125

So they, while down their Cheeks the Torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the Purpose of his Soul:
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery Glance
Expects the Hero's terrible Advance.
So roll'd up in his Den, the swelling Snake 130
Beholds the Traveller approach the Brake;
When fed with noxious Herbs his turgid Veins
Have gather'd half the Poisons of the Plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected Ire,
And his red Eye-balls glare with living Fire. 135
Beneath a Turret, on his Shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty Mind.

Where lyes my Way? To enter in the Wall?
Honour and Shame th' ungen'rous Thought recall:
Shall proud *Polydamas* before the Gate 140
Proclaim, his Counsels are obey'd too late,
Which, timely follow'd but the former Night,
What Numbers had been sav'd by *Hector's* Flight?

D

That

That wise Advice rejected with Disdain,
 145 I feel my Folly in my People slain.
 Methinks my suff'ring Country's Voice I hear,
 But most, her worthless Sons insult my Ear,
 On my rash Courage charge the Chance of War,
 And blame those Virtues which they cannot share.
 150 No---- If I e'er return, return I must
 Glorious, my Country's Terror laid in Dust:
 Or if I perish, let her see me fall
 In Field at least, and fighting for her Wall.
 And yet suppose these Measures I forego,
 155 Approach unarm'd, and parly with the Foe,
 The Warrior-Shield, the Helm, and Lance lay down,
 And treat on Terms of Peace to save the Town:
 The Wife with-held, the Treasure ill detain'd,
 (Cause of the War, and Grievance of the Land)
 160 With honourable Justice to restore;
 And add half *Ilion's* yet remaining Store,
 Which *Troy* shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd *Greece*
 May share our Wealth, and leave our Walls in Peace.
 But why this Thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
 165 What hope of Mercy from this vengeful Foe?
 But Woman-like to fall, and fall without a Blow.

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD.

111

We greet not here, as Man conversing Man
Met at an Oak, or journeying o'er a Plain;
No Season now for calm familiar Talk,
Like Youths and Maidens in an Evening Walk: 170
War is our Business; but to whom is giv'n
To die or triumph, that, determine Heav'n!

Thus pond'ring, like a God the *Greek* drew nigh;
His dreadful Plumage nodded from on high;
The *Pelian* Jav'lin, in his better Hand, 175
Shot trembling Rays that glitter'd o'er the Land;
And on his Breast the beamy Splendors shone
Like *Jove's* own Lightning, or the rising Sun.
As *Hector* sees, unusual Terrors rise,
Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies. 180
He leaves the Gates, he leaves the Walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged Wind.

Thus at the panting Dove a Falcon flies,
(The swiftest Racer of the liquid Skies)
Just when he holds or thinks he holds his Prey, 185
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial Way;
With open Beak and shrilling Cries he springs,
And aims his Claws, and shoots upon his Wings:

No

No less fore-right the rapid Chace they held,
190 One urg'd by Fury, one by Fear impell'd;
Now circling round the Walls their Course maintain,
Where the high Watch-tow'r overlooks the Plain;
Now where the Fig-trees spread their Umbrage broad,
(A wider Compass) smooke along the Road.
195 Next by *Scamander's* double Source they bound,
Where two fam'd Fountains burst the parted Ground;
This hot thro' scorching Clefts is seen to rise,
With Exhalations steaming to the Skies;
That the green Banks in Summer's Heat o'erflows,
200 Like Crystal clear, and cold as Winter-Snows.
Each gushing Fount a marble Cistern fills,
Whose polish'd Bed receives the falling Rills;
Where *Trojan* Dames, (e'er yet alarm'd by *Greece*.)
Wash'd their fair Garments in the Days of Peace.
205 By these they past, one chafing, one in Flight,
(The Mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger Might)
Swift was the Course; No vulgar Prize they play,
No vulgar Victim must reward the Day,
(Such as in Races crown the speedy Strife)
210 The Prize contended was great *Hector's* Life.

As when some Hero's Fun'rals are decreed
 In grateful Honour of the mighty Dead;
 Where high Rewards the vig'rous Youth inflame,
 (Some golden Tripod, or some lovely Dame)
 The panting Coursers swiftly turn the Goal, 215
 And with them turns the rais'd Spectator's Soul.
 Thus three times round the *Trojan* Wall they fly;
 The gazing Gods lean forward from the Sky:
 To whom, while eager on the Chace they look,
 The Sire of Mortals and Immortals spoke. 220

Unworthy Sight! The Man, belov'd of Heav'n,
 Behold, inglorious round yon' City driv'n!
 My Heart partakes the gen'rous *Hector's* Pain;
Hector, whose Zeal whole Hecatombs has slain,
 Whose grateful Fumes the Gods receiv'd with Joy, 225
 From *Ida's* Summits, and the Tow'rs of *Troy*:
 Now see him flying! to his Fears resign'd,
 And Fate, and fierce *Achilles*, close behind.
 Consult, ye Pow'rs! ('tis worthy your Debate)
 Whether to snatch him from impending Fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by stern *Pelides* slain,
 (Good as he is) the Lot impos'd on Man?

E

Then

Then *Pallas* thus: Shall he whose Vengeance forms
The forky Bolt, and blackens Heav'n with Storms,
²³⁵ Shall he prolong one *Trojan's* forfeit Breath!
A Man, a Mortal, pre-ordain'd to Death!
And will no Murmurs fill the Courts above,
No Gods indignant blame their partial *Jove*?
Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
²⁴⁰ Exert thy Will: I give the Fates their Way.
Swift at the Mandate pleas'd *Tritonia* flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving Skies.
As thro' the Forest, o'er the Vale and Lawn,
The well-breath'd Beagle drives the flying Fawn;
²⁴⁵ In vain he tries the Covert of the Brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling Thicket shakes;
Sure of the Vapour in the tainted Dews,
The certain Hound his various Maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the *Trojan* wheel'd,
²⁵⁰ There swift *Achilles* compass'd round the Field.
Oft' as to reach the *Dardan* Gates he bends,
And hopes th'Assistance of his pitying Friends,
(Whose show'ring Arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high Turrets might oppress the Foe.)

So oft' *Achilles* turns him to the Plain: 255

He eyes the City, but he eyes in vain.

As Men in Slumbers seem with speedy pace,

One to pursue, and one to lead the Chace,

Their sinking Limbs the fancy'd Course forsake,

Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake. 260

No less the lab'ring Heroes pant and strain;

While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.

What God, O Múse! assisted *Hector's* Force,

With Fate itself so long to hold the Course?

Phœbus it was; who, in his latest Hour, 265

Endu'd his Knees with strength, his Nerves with Pow'r:

And great *Achilles*, lest some *Greek's* Advance

Should snatch the Glory from his lifted Lance,

Sign'd to the Troops, to yield his Foe the Way,

And leave untouch'd the Honours of the Day. 270

Jove lifts the golden Balances, that show

The Fates of mortal Men, and things below:

Here each contending Hero's Lot he tries,

And weighs, with equal Hand, their Destinies.

Low sinks the Scale surcharg'd with *Hector's* Fate; 275

Heavy with Death it sinks, and Hell receives the Weight.

Then

Then *Phœbus* left him. Fierce *Minerva* flies
 To stern *Pelides*, and triumphing, cries.
 Oh lov'd of *Jove*! this Day our Labours cease,
 280 And Conquest blazes with full Beams on *Greece*.
 Great *Hector* falls; that *Hector* fam'd so far,
 Drunk with Renown, insatiable of War,
 Falls by thy Hand, and mine! Nor Force, nor Flight
 Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
 285 See, where in vain he supplicates above,
 Roll'd at the Feet of unrelenting *Jove*!
 Rest here: My self will lead the *Trojan* on,
 And urge to meet the Fate he cannot shun.
 Her Voice divine the Chief with joyful Mind
 290 Obey'd; and rested, on his Lance reclin'd.
 While like *Deiphobus* the martial Dame
 (Her Face, her Gesture, and her Arms the same)
 In show an Aid, by hapless *Hector*'s Side
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with Voice bely'd.
 295 Too long, O *Hector*! have I born the Sight
 Of this Distress, and sorrow'd in thy Flight:
 It fits us now a noble Stand to make,
 And here, as Brothers, equal Fates partake.

Then

Then he. O Prince! ally'd in Blood and Fame,
Dearer than all that own a Brother's Name; 300
Of all that *Hecuba* to *Priam* bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since You of all our num'rous Race, alone
Defend my Life regardless of your own.

Again the Goddess. Much my Father's Pray'r, 305
And much my Mother's, prest me to forbear:
My Friends embrac'd my Knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger Love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious Conflict let us try,
Let the Steel sparkle, and the Jav'lin fly: 310
Or let us stretch *Achilles* on the Field,
Or to his Arm our bloody Trophies yield.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The *Dardan* Hero shuns his Foe no more.
Sternly they met. The Silence *Hector* broke; 315
His dreadful Plumage nodded as he spoke.

Enough, O Son of *Peleus*! *Troy* has view'd
Her Walls thrice circled, and her Chief pursu'd.
But now some God within me bids me try
Thine, or my Fate: I kill thee, or I die. 320

Yet on the Verge of Battel let us stay,
 And for a Moment's space, suspend the Day:
 Let Heav'ns high Pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
 The just Conditions of this stern Debate.
 325 (Eternal Witneses of all below,
 And faithful Guardians of the treasur'd Vow!)
 To them I swear; if Victor in the Strife
 Jove by these Hands shall shed thy noble Life;
 No vile Dishonour shall thy Corse pursue;
 330 Stript of its Arms alone (the Conqu'rors Due)
 The rest to *Greece* uninjur'd I'll restore:
 Now plight thy mutual Oath, I ask no more.
 Talk not of Oaths (the dreadful Chief replies,
 While Anger flash'd from his disdainful Eyes)
 335 Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
 Nor Oath nor Pact *Achilles* plights with thee:
 Such Pacts, as Lambs and rabid Wolves combine,
 Such Leagues, as Men and furious Lions join,
 To such I call the Gods! One constant state
 340 Of lashing Rancour and eternal Hate:
 No Thought but Rage, and never-ceasing Strife,
 Till Death extinguish Rage, and Thought, and Life.

Rouze

Rouze then thy Forces this important Hour;
Collect thy Soul, and call forth all thy Pow'r.
No farther Subterfuge, no farther Chance ; 345
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my Lance.
Each *Grecian* Ghost by thee depriv'd of Breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy Death.

He spoke, and lanch'd his Jav'lin at the Foe;
But *Hector* shun'd the meditated Blow : 350
He stoop'd, while o'er his Head the flying Spear
Sung innocent, and spent its Force in Air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the Land,
Then drew, and gave to great *Achilles'* Hand,
Unseen of *Hector*, who, elate with Joy, 355
Now shakes his Lance, and braves the Dread of *Troy*.

The Life you boasted to that Jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have mist My Fate depends on Heav'n.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what must prove my Fortune or thy own. 360
Boasting is but an Art, our Fears to blind,
And with false Terrors sink another's Mind.
But know, whatever Fate I am to try,
By no dishonest Wound shall *Hector* die ;

I shall

- 365 I shall not fall a Fugitive at least,
My Soul shall bravely issue from my Breast.
But first, try thou my Arm; and may this Dart
End all my Country's Woes, deep buried in thy Heart!
The Weapon flew, its Course unerring held,
370 Unerring, but the heav'nly Shield repell'd
The mortal Dart; resulting with a Bound
From off the ringing Orb, it struck the Ground.
Hector beheld his Jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other Lance, nor other Hope remain;
375 He calls *Deiphobus*, demands a Spear,
In vain, for no *Deiphobus* was there.
All comfortless he stands: Then, with a Sigh,
'Tis so---Heav'n wills it, and my Hour is nigh!
I deem'd *Deiphobus* had heard my Call,
380 But he secure lyes guarded in the Wall.
A God deceiv'd me; *Pallas*, 'twas thy Deed.
Death, and black Fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed.
No Refuge now, no Succour from above;
Great *Jove* deserts me, and the Son of *Jove*,
385 Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:

Yet in a mighty Deed I shall expire,
Let future Ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the Word, his weighty Sword he drew
And, all collected, on *Achilles* flew. 390

So *Jove's* bold Bird, high-balanc'd in the Air,
Stoops from the Clouds to truss the quiv'ring Hare.

Nor less *Achilles* his fierce Soul prepares;
Before his Breast his flaming Shield he bears,
Refulgent Orb! Above his four-fold Cone 395

The gilded Horshair sparkled in the Sun,
Nodding at ev'ry Step: (*Vulcanian* Frame!)

And as he mov'd, his Figure seem'd on flame.

As radiant *Hesper* shines with keener Light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver Host of Night, 400

When all the starry Train emblaze the Sphere:

So shone the Point of great *Achilles'* Spear.

In his right Hand he waves the Weapon round,

Eyes the whole Man, and meditates the Wound;

But the rich Mail *Patroclus* lately wore, 405

Securely cas'd the Warrior's Body o'er.

One at cealp length he spies, to let in Fate,

Where 'twixt the Neck and Throat the jointed Plate

- Gave entrance: Thro' that penetrable Part
 410 Furious he drove the well-directed Dart:
 Nor pierc'd the Windpipe yet, nor took the Pow'r
 Of Speech, Unhappy! from thy dying Hour.
 Prone on the Field the bleeding Warrior lies,
 While thus triumphing, stern *Achilles* cries.
- 415 At last is *Hector* stretch'd upon the Plain,
 Who fear'd no Vengeance for *Patroclus* slain:
 Then Prince! you should have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles absent, was *Achilles* still.
- Yet a short space the great Avenger stay'd,
 420 Then low in Dust thy Strength and Glory lay'd.
 Peaceful He sleeps, with all our Rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
 While cast to all the Rage of hostile Pow'r,
 Thee, Birds shall mangle, and the Dogs devour.
- 425 'Then *Hector*, fainting at th'approach of Death.
 By thy own Soul! by those who gave thee Breath!
 By all the sacred Prevalence of Pray'r;
 Ah, leave me not for *Grecian* Dogs to tear!
 The common Rites of Sepulture bestow,
 430 To sooth a Father's and a Mother's Woe;

Let

Let their large Gifts procure an Urn at least,
And *Hector's* Ashes in his Country rest.

No, Wretch accurst! Relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his Eyes)
Not those who gave me Breath shou'd bid me spare,⁴³⁵
Nor all the sacred Prevalence of Pray'r.
Could I my self the bloody Banquet join!
No--- to the Dogs that Carcase I resign.
Shou'd *Troy*, to bribe me, bring forth all her Store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more; ⁴⁴⁰
Should *Dardan Priam*, and the weeping Dame
Drain their whole Realm to buy one fun'ral Flame;
Their *Hector* on the Pile they should not see,
Nor rob the Vultures of one Limb of thee.

Then thus the Chief his dying Accents drew; ⁴⁴⁵
Thy Rage, Implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless Breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a Heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a Day will come, when Fate's Decree
And angry Gods, shall wreak this Wrong on thee;⁴⁵⁰
Phœbus and *Paris* shall avenge my Fate,
And stretch thee here, before this *Scæan* Gate.

He

He ceas'd. The Fates suppress'd his lab'ring Breath,
 And his Eyes stiffen'd at the Hand of Death;
 455 To the dark Realm the Spirit wings its Way;
 (The manly Body left a Load of Clay)
 And plaintive glides along the dreary Coast,
 A naked, wandring, melancholy Ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
 460 O'er the dead Hero, thus (unheard) replies.
 Die thou the first! When *Jove* and Heav'n ordain,
 I follow thee---He said, and stripp'd the Slain.
 • Then forcing backward from the gaping Wound
 The reeking Jav'lin, cast it on the Ground.
 465 The thronging *Greeks* behold with wond'ring Eyes
 His manly Beauty, and superiour Size:
 While some ignobler, the great Dead deface
 With Wounds ungen'rous, or with Taunts disgrace.
 " How chang'd that *Hector*! who like *Jove* of late,
 470 " Sent Lightning on our Fleets, and scatter'd Fate?
 High o'er the Slain the great *Achilles* stands,
 Begirt with Heroes, and surrounding Bands;
 And thus aloud, while all the Host attends.
 Princes and Leaders! Countrymen and Friends!

Since

Since now at length the pow'rful Will of Heav'n 475
The dire Destroyer to our Arm has giv'n,
Is not *Troy* fall'n already? Haste, ye Pow'rs!
See, if already their deserted Tow'rs
Are left unman'd; or if they yet retain
The Souls of Heroes, their great *Hector* slain? 480
But what is *Troy*, or Glory what to me?
Or why reflects my Mind on ought but thee
Divine *Patroclus*! Death has seal'd his Eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear Image from my Soul depart, 485
Long as the vital Spirit moves my Heart?
If, in the silent Shades of Hell below,
The Flames of Friends and Lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on thro' Death, and animate my Shade. 490
Meanwhile ye Sons of *Greece*! in Triumph bring
The Corps of *Hector*, and your *Pæans* sing.
Be this the Song, flow-moving tow'rd the Shore,
" *Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more.

Then his fell Soul a Thought of Vengeance bred, 495
(Unworthy of himself, and of the Dead)

The nervous Ancles bor'd, his Feet he bound
 With Thongs inferted thro' the double Wound;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling Wain,
 500 His graceful Head was trail'd along the Plain.
 Proud on his Car th'insulting Victor stood,
 And bore aloft his Arms, distilling Blood.
 He smites the Steeds; the rapid Chariot flies;
 The sudden Clouds of circling Dust arise.
 505 Now lost is all that formidable Air;
 The Face divine, and long-descending Hair
 Purple the Ground, and streak the sable Sand;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native Land!
 Giv'n to the Rage of an insulting Throng!
 510 And, in his Parent's Sight, now dragg'd along!
 The Mother first beheld with sad survey;
 She rent her Tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast, far off, the regal Veils away.
 With piercing Shrieks his bitter Fate she moans,
 515 While the sad Father answers Groans with Groans,
 Tears after Tears his mournful Cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole City wears one Face of Woe.

No less, than if the Rage of hostile Fires
 From her Foundations curling to her Spires,
 O'er the proud Citadel at length should rise, 520
 And the last Blaze send *Iliou* to the Skies.
 The wretched Monarch of the falling State
 Distracted, presses to the *Dardan* Gate.
 Scarce the whole People stop his desp'rate Course,
 While strong Affliction gives the Feeble Force: 525
 Grief tears his Heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging Impotence of Woe.
 At length he roll'd in Dust, and thus begun:
 Imploring all, and naming one by one.
 Ah! let me, let me go where Sorrow calls; 530
 I, only I, will issue from your Walls,
 (Guide or Companion, Friends! I ask ye none)
 And bow before the Murd'rer of my Son.
 My Grievs perhaps his Pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my Age. 535
 He has a Father too; a Man like me,
 One, not exempt from Age and Misery,
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young Embrace
 Begot this Pest of me, and all my Race.)

How many valiant Sons, in early Bloom,
 Has that curst Hand sent headlong to the Tomb?
 Thee, *Hector*! last: Thy Loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad Soul with Sorrow to the Grave.
 Oh had thy gentle Spirit past in Peace,
 545 The Son expiring in the Sire's Embrace;
 While both thy Parents wept thy fatal Hour,
 And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender Show'r!
 Some Comfort that had been, some sad Relief,
 To melt in full Satiety of Grief!
 550 Thus wail'd the Father, grov'ling on the Ground,
 And all the Eyes of *Ilion* stream'd around.
 Amidst her Matrons *Hecuba* appears,
 (A mourning Princess, and a Train in Tears)
 Ah why has Heav'n prolong'd this hated Breath,
 555 Patient of Horrors, to behold thy Death?
 O *Hector*, late thy Parents Pride and Joy,
 The Boast of Nations! the Defence of *Troy*!
 To whom her Safety and her Fame she ow'd,
 Her Chief, her Hero, and almost her God!
 560 O fatal Change! become in one sad Day
 A senseless Corps! inanimated Clay!

But

But not as yet the fatal News had spread
 To fair *Andromache*, of *Hector* dead;
 As yet no Messenger had told his Fate,
 Nor ev'n his Stay without the *Scæan Gate*. 565
 Far in the close Recesses of the Dome,
 Pensive she ply'd the melancholy Loom;
 A growing Work employ'd her secret Hours,
 Confus'dly gay with intermingled Flowr's.
 Her fair-hair'd Handmaids heat the brazen Urn, 570
 The Bath preparing for her Lord's Return:
 In vain: Alas! her Lord returns no more!
 Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the Shore!
 Now from the Walls the Clamours reach her Ear,
 And all her Members shake with sudden Fear; 575
 Forth from her Iv'ry Hand the Shuttle falls,
 As thus, astonish'd, to her Maids she calls.

Ah follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive Noise
 Invades my Ear? 'Tis sure my Mother's Voice.
 My falt'ring Knees their trembling Frame desert, 580
 A Pulse unusual flutters at my Heart.
 Some strange Disaster, some reverse of Fate
 Ye (Gods avert it) threatens the *Trojan State*.

Far be the Omen which my Thoughts suggest!
585 But much I fear my *Hector*'s dauntless Breast
Confronts *Achilles*; chas'd along the Plain,
Shut from our Walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the Crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And fought for Glory in the Jaws of Fate:
590 Perhaps that noble Heat has cost his Breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the Arms of Death.
She spoke; and furious, with distracted Pace,
Fears in her Heart, and Anguish in her Face,
Flies thro' the Dome, (the Maids her Steps pursue)
595 And mounts the Walls, and fends around her View.
Too soon her Eyes the killing Object found,
The god-like *Hector* dragg'd along the Ground.
A sudden Darkness shades her swimming Eyes:
She faints, she falls; her Breath, her Colour flies.
600 Her Hair's fair Ornaments, the Braids that bound,
The Net that held them, and the Wreath that crown'd,
The Veil and Diadem, flew far away;
(The Gift of *Venus* on her bridal Day)
Around, a Train of weeping Sisters stands,
605 To raise her sinking with assistant Hands.

Scarce

Scarce from the Verge of Death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched Husband of a wretched Wife!
Born with one Fate, to one unhappy Life!
For fure one Star its baneful Beam display'd 610
On *Priam's* Roof, and *Hippoplacia's* Shade.
From diff'rent Parents, diff'rent Climes we came,
At diff'rent Periods, yet our Fate the fame!
Why was my Birth to great *Aëtion* ow'd,
And why was all that tender Care bestow'd? 615
Would I had never been! ---- O thou, the Ghost
Of my dead Husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal Realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only Child, once Comfort of my Pains, 620
Sad Product now of hapless Love, remains!
No more to smile upon his Sire! no Friend
To help him now! No Father to defend!
For should he 'scape the Sword, the common Doom,
What Wrongs attend him, and what Griefs to come? 625
Ev'n from his own paternal Roof expell'd,
Some Stranger plows his patrimonial Field.
The Day, that to the Shades the Father sends,
Robs the sad Orphan of his Father's Friends:

He,

630 He, wretched Outcast of Mankind! appears
 For ever sad, for ever bath'd in Tears;
 Amongst the Happy, unregarded he,
 Hangs on the Robe, or trembles at the Knee,
 635 While those his Father's former bounty fed,
 Nor reach the Goblet, nor divide the Bread:
 The Kindest but his present Wants allay,
 To leave him wretched the succeeding Day.
 Frugal Compassion! Heedless they who boast
 Both Parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
 640 Shall cry, " Begone! Thy Father feasts not here:
 The Wretch obeys, retiring with a Tear.
 Thus wretched, thus retiring all in Tears,
 To my sad Soul *Astyanax* appears!
 Forc'd by repeated Insults to return,
 645 And to his widow'd Mother vainly mourn.
 He, who with tender Delicacy bred,
 With Princes sported, and on Dainties fed,
 And when still Ev'ning gave him up to Rest,
 Sunk soft in Down upon the Nurse's Breast,
 650 Must---- ah what must he not? Whom *Ilion* calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded Walls,
 Is now that Name no more, unhappy Boy!
 Since now no more the Father guards his *Troy*.

But

But thou my *Hector* ly'ft expos'd in Air,
Far from thy Parent's and thy Confort's Care, 655
Whofe Hand in vain, directed by her Love,
The martial Scarf and Robe of Triumph wove.
Now to devouring Flames be thefe a Prey,
Ufelefs to thee, from this accursed Day!
Yet let the Sacrifice at leaft be paid, 660
An Honour to the Living, not the Dead!

So fpake the mournful Dame: Her Matrons hear,
Sigh back her Sighs, and answer Tear with Tear.

But thou my Heart wilt find in all
Far from thy Father's and thy Country's Care
Whole Island in vain, directed by her Love
The Union, Seal and Robe of Triumph wove
Now to devotion, flames be these a prey
Useless to thee, from this accursed Day
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid
An Honour to thyself, and to thy Land
So spake the monarch's Daughter: Her
Sighs her sighs and answer'd with a Tear
The Writings, which she then was writ
This was the last of her
To my self, and to my self
For'd by passion, I have to return
And to his Mother's vainly return
He, who with tender Deceit had
With Prince Edward, and his Prince
And when she gave him up to rest,
She left in Down, the Nurse's Breast,
Of Mother, all what rest he got: Whom *Hion* call
Affairs, from her well-guarded Walls
Is now her Name no more unhappy Boy
For I and Edward, and the other guard

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Twenty-Second Book.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Twenty-second Book.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

I.

IT is impossible but the whole Attention of the Reader must be awaken'd in this Book: The Heroes of the two Armies are now to encounter, all the foregoing Battels have been but so many Preludes and Under-actions, in order to this great Event: Wherein the whole Fate of *Greece* and *Troy* is to be decided by the Sword of *Achilles* and *Heſtor*.

This is the Book, which of the whole *Iliad* appears to me the most charming. It assembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other. *Terror* and *Pity* are here wrought up in Perfection, and if the Reader is not sensible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all Taste, or the Translator of all Skill, in Poetry.

II.

VERSE 37. *Not half ſo dreadful riſes, &c.*] With how much dreadful Pomp is *Achilles* here introduced! How noble, and in what bold Colours hath he drawn the blazing of his Arms,
the

the Rapidity of his Advance, the Terror of his Appearance, the Desolation around him; but above all, the certain Death attending all his Motions and his very Looks; what a Crowd of terrible Ideas in this one Simile!

But immediately after this, follows the moving Image of the two aged Parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their Son: That is succeeded again by the dreadful gloomy Picture of *Hector*, all on fire, obstinately bent on Death, and expecting *Achilles*; admirably painted in the Simile of the Snake roll'd up in his Den and collecting his Poisons: And indeed thro' the whole Book this wonderful Contrast and Opposition of the *Moving* and of the *Terrible*, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other: I can't find Words to express how so great Beauties affect me.

III.

VERSE 51. *The Speech of Priam to Hector.*] The Poet has entertain'd us all along with various Scenes of Slaughter and Horror: He now changes to the pathetick, and fills the Mind of the Reader with tender Sorrows. *Eustathius* observes that *Priam* preludes to his Words by Actions expressive of Misery: The unhappy Orator introduces his Speech to *Hector* with Groans and Tears, and rending his hoary Hair. The Father and the King plead with *Hector* to preserve his Life and his Country. He represents his own Age, and the Loss of many of his Children; and adds, that if *Hector* falls, he should then be inconsolable, and the Empire of *Troy* at an end.

It is a piece of great Judgment in *Homer* to make the Fall of *Troy* to depend upon the Death of *Hector*: The Poet does not openly tell us that *Troy* was taken by the *Greeks*, but that the Reader might not be unacquainted with what happen'd after the Period of his Poem, he gives us to understand in this Speech, that the City was taken, and that *Priam*, his Wives, his Sons and Daughters, were either kill'd or made Slaves.

IV.

the TWENTY-SECOND BOOK. 39

IV.

VERSE 76. *Enter yet the Wall, and save, &c.]* The Argument that *Priam* uses (says *Eustathius*) to induce *Hector* to secure himself in *Troy* is remarkable; he draws it not from *Hector's* Fears, nor does he tell him that he is to save his own Life; but he insists upon stronger Motives: He tells him he may preserve his Fellow-Citizens, his Country, and his Father; and farther, persuades him not to add Glory to his mortal Enemy by his Fall.

V.

VERSE 90. *My bleeding Infants dash'd against the Floor.]* Cruelties which the *Barbarians* usually exercis'd in the sack-ing of Towns. Thus *Isaiah* foretels to *Babylon* that her Children shall be dash'd in pieces before her Eyes by the *Medes*. *Infantes eorum allidentur in oculis eorum*, xii. 16. And *David* says to the same City, *Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the Stones*. *Psal.* cxxxvii. 9. And in the Prophet *Hosea*, xiii. 16. *Their Infants shall be dash'd in pieces*. *Dacier*.

VI.

VERSE 102. *But when the Fates, &c.]* Nothing can be more moving than the Image which *Homer* gives here, in comparing the different Effects produc'd by the View of a young Man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the Dust. The old Man 'tis certain touches us most, and several Reasons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young Man defended himself, and his Death is glorious; whereas an old Man has no defence but his Weakness, Prayers, and Tears. They must be very insensible of what is dreadful, and have no Taste in Poetry, who omit this Passage in a Translation, and substitute things of a trivial and insipid Nature. *Dacier*.

VII.

VII.

VERSE 114. *The Speech of Hecuba,*] The Speech of *Hecuba* opens with as much Tenderness as that of *Priam*: The Circumstance in particular of her shewing that Breast to her Son which had sustain'd his Infancy, is highly moving: It is a silent kind of Oratory, and prepares the Heart to listen, by prepossessing the Eye in favour of the Speaker.

Enstathius takes notice of the Difference between the Speeches of *Priam* and *Hecuba*: *Priam* dissuades him from the Combat by enumerating not only the Loss of his own Family, but of his whole Country: *Hecuba* dwells entirely upon his single Death; this is a great Beauty in the Poet, to make *Priam* a Father to his whole Countrey; but to describe the Fondness of the Mother as prevailing over all other Considerations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her.

This puts me in mind of a judicious Stroke in *Milton*, with regard to the several Characters of *Adam* and *Eve*. When the Angel is driving them both out of Paradise, *Adam* grieves that he must leave a place where he had convers'd with God and his Angels; but *Eve* laments that she shall never more behold the fine Flowers of *Eden*: Here *Adam* mourns like a Man, and *Eve* like a Woman.

VIII.

VERSE 140. *The Soliloquy of Hector,*] There is much Greatness in the Sentiments of this whole Soliloquy. *Hector* prefers Death to an ignominious Life: He knows how to die with Glory, but not how to live with Dishonour. The Reproach of *Polydamas* affects him; the Scandals of the meanest People have an Influence on his Thoughts.

'Tis remarkable that he does not say, he fears the Insults of the braver *Trojans*, but of the most worthless only. Men of Merit are always the most candid; but others are ever for bringing all Men to a Level with themselves. They cannot bear

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bear that any one should be so bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the least Miscarriage. This Sentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking natural to a great and sensible Mind.

There is a very beautiful Break in the middle of this Speech. *Hector's* Mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a Council in his own Breast, and consulting what Method to pursue: He doubts if he should not propose Terms of Peace to *Achilles*, and grants him very large Concessions; but of a sudden he checks himself, and leaves the Sentence unfinished. The Paragraph runs thus, "If, says *Hector*, I "should offer him the largest Conditions, give all that "Troy contains—— There he stops, and immediately sub-joins, "But why do I delude myself, &c.

'Tis evident from this Speech that the Power of making Peace was in *Hector's* Hands: For unless *Priam* had transfer'd it to him he could not have made these Propositions. So that it was *Hector* who broke the Treaty in the third Book; (where the very same Conditions were propos'd by *Agamemnon*.) 'Tis *Hector* therefore that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the War, and involving the *Greeks* and *Trojans* in Blood. This Conduct in *Homer* was necessary; he observes a poetical Justice, and shews us that *Hector* is a Criminal, before he brings him to Death. *Eustathius*.

IX.

VERSE 141. *Shall proud Polydamas, &c.*] *Hector* alludes to the Counsel given him by *Polydamas* in the eighteenth Book, which he then neglected to follow: It was, to withdraw to the City, and fortify themselves there, before *Achilles* return'd to the Battel.

X.

VERSE 167. *We greet not here as Man conversing Man,
Met at an Oak, or journeying o'er a Plain, &c.*]

The Words literally are these, "There is no talking with A-
M 4 chilles,

chilles, ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἢ ἀπὸ πέτρης, *from an Oak, or from a Rock,* [or about an Oak or a Rock] *as a young Man and a Maiden talk together.* It is thought an obscure Passage, tho' I confess I am either too fond of my own Explication in the above-cited Verses, or they make it a very clear one. "There is no conversing with this implacable Enemy in the Rage of Battel; as when sauntering People talk at leisure to one another on the Road, or when young Men and Women meet in a Field." I think the Exposition of *Eustathius* more far-fetch'd, tho' it be ingenious; and therefore I must do him the Justice not to suppress it. It was a common Practice, says he, with the Heathens, to expose such Children as they either could not, or would not educate: The Places where they deposited them were usually in the Cavities of *Rocks*, or the Hollow of *Oaks*: These Children being frequently found and preserv'd by Strangers, were said to be the Offspring of those Oaks or Rocks where they were found. This gave occasion to the Poets to feign that Men were born of *Oaks*, and there was a famous Fable too of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha's* repairing Mankind by casting *Stones* behind them: It grew at last into a Proverb, to signify idle Tales; so that in the present Passage it imports, that *Achilles will not listen to such idle Tales as may pass with silly Maids and fond Lovers.* For Fables and Stories (and particularly such Stories as the Preservation, strange Fortune, and Adventures of expos'd Children) are the usual Conversation of young Men and Maidens *Eustathius* his Explanation may be corroborated by a Parallel Place in the *Odyssy*; where the Poet says,

Οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἔσσι παλαιφάτε ἢ ἀπὸ πέτρης.

The Meaning of which Passage is plainly this, *Tell me of what Race you are, for undoubtedly you had a Father and Mother; you are not, according to the old Story, descended from an Oak or a Rock.* Where the Word παλαιφάτε shews that this was become an ancient Proverb even in *Homer's* Days.

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XI.

VERSE 180. *Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies.]*
 I doubt not most Readers are shock'd at the Flight of *Hector*: It is indeed a high Exaltation of *Achilles* (which was the Poets chief Care, as he was his chief Hero) that so brave a Man as *Hector* durst not stand him. While *Achilles* was at a distance he had fortify'd his Heart with noble Resolutions, but at his approach they all vanish, and he flies. This (as exceptionable as some may think it) may yet be allow'd to be a true Portrait of human Nature; for Distance, as it lessens all Objects, so it does our Fears: But where inevitable Danger approaches, the stoutest Hearts will feel some Apprehensions at certain Fate. It was the Saying of one of the bravest Men in this Age, to one who told him he fear'd nothing, *Shew me but a certain Danger, and I shall be as much afraid as any of you.* I don't absolutely pretend to justify this Passage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that *Hector* was in this desperate Circumstance.

First, It will not be found in the whole Iliad, that *Hector* ever thought himself a Match for *Achilles*. *Homer* (to keep this in our Minds) had just now made *Priam* tell him (as a thing known, for certainly *Priam* would not insult him at that time) that there was no Comparison between his own Strength, and that of his Antagonist.

—ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρετός ἐστιν.

Secondly, we may observe with *Dacier*, the Degrees by which *Homer* prepares this Incident. In the 18th Book the mere Sight and Voice of *Achilles*, unarm'd, has terrify'd and put the whole *Trojan* Army into Disorder. In the 19th, the very Sound of the cœlestial Arms given him by *Vulcan*, has affrighted his own *Myrmidons* as they stand about him. In the 20th, he has been upon the point of killing *Æneas*, and *Hector* himself was not sav'd from him but by *Apollo's* interposing. In that and the following Book, he makes an incredible Slaughter of all that oppose him; he overtakes
 most

most of those that fly from him, and *Priam* himself opens the Gates of *Troy* to receive the rest.

Thirdly, *Hector* stays, not that he hopes to overcome *Achilles*, but because Shame and the dread of Reproach forbid him to re-enter the City; a Shame (says *Eustatbius*) which was a Fault, that betray'd him out of his Life, and ruin'd his Countrey. Nay, *Homer* adds farther, that he only stay'd by the immediate *Will of Heaven*, intoxicated and irresistibly bound down by *Fate*.

"Ἐκτορα δ' αὐτὲ μέναι ὀλοὴ μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν.

Fourthly, He had just been reflecting on the Injustice of the War he maintain'd; his Spirits are deprest by Heaven, he expects certain Death, he perceives himself abandon'd by the Gods; (as he directly says in *V. 300*, &c. of the *Greek*, and 385 of the translation) so that he might say to *Achilles* what *Turnus* does to *Aeneas*,

Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.

This indeed is the strongest Reason that can be offer'd for the Flight of *Hector*. He flies not from *Achilles* as a mortal Hero, but from one whom he sees clad in impenetrable Armour, seconded by *Minerva*, and one who had put to flight the inferior Gods themselves. This is not Cowardice according to the constant Principles of *Homer*, who thought it no part of a Hero's Character to be impious, or to fancy himself independent on the supreme Being.

Indeed it had been a grievous Fault, had our Author suffer'd the Courage of *Hector* entirely to forsake him even in this Extremity: A brave Man's Soul is still capable of rousing itself, and acting honourably in the last Struggles. Accordingly *Hector*, tho' deliver'd over to his Destiny, abandon'd by the Gods, and certain of Death, yet stops and attacks *Achilles*; When he loses his Spear, he draws his Sword: It was impossible he should conquer, it was only in his Power to fall gloriously; this he did, and it was all that Man could do.

If the Reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this Passage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to suspend his

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his absolute Censure, he may consider that *Virgil* had an uncommon Esteem for it, as he has testify'd in transferring it almost entirely to the Death of *Turnus*; where there was no necessity of making use of the like Incidents: But doubtless he was touch'd with this Episode, as with one of those which interest us most of the whole *Iliad*, by a Spectacle at once so terrible, and so deplorable. I must also add the Suffrage of *Aristotle*, who was so far from looking upon this Passage as ridiculous or blameable, that he esteem'd it marvellous and admirable. "The wonderful, says he, ought to have place in Tragedy, but still more in Epic Poetry, which proceeds in this Point even to the Unreasonable: For as in Epic Poems one sees not the Persons acting, so whatever passes the Bounds of Reason is proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For example, what *Homer* says of *Hector* pursued by *Achilles*, would appear ridiculous on the Stage; for the Spectators could not forbear laughing to see on one side the *Greeks* standing without any motion, and on the other; *Achilles* pursuing *Hector*, and making Signs to the Troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear when we read the Poem: For what is wonderful is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that they who relate any thing usually add something to the Truth, that it may the better please those who hear it.

The same great Critick vindicates this Passage in the Chapter following. "A Poet, says he, is inexcusable if he introduces such things as are impossible according to the Rules of Poetry: but this ceases to be a Fault, if by those means he attains to the End he propos'd; for he has then brought about what he intended: For example, if he renders by it any part of his Poem more astonishing or admirable. Such is the Place in the *Iliad*, where *Achilles* pursues *Hector*. *Arist. Poet. chap. 25, 26.*

XII.

VERSE 197. *Where two fam'd Fountains.] Strabo* blames *Homer* for saying that one of the Sources of *Scamander* was

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a warm

a warm Fountain; whereas (says he) there is but one Spring, and that cold, neither is this in the Place where *Homer* fixes it, but in the Mountain. It is observ'd by *Eustathius* that tho' this was not true in *Strabo's* Days, yet it might in *Homer's*, greater Changes having happen'd in less time than that which pass'd between those two Authors. *Sandys*, who was both a Geographer and Critick of great Accuracy, as well as a Traveller of great Veracity, affirms as an Eye witness, that there are yet some Hot-water Springs in that part of the Country, opposite to *Tenedos*. I cannot but think that Gentleman must have been particularly diligent and curious in his Enquiries into the Remains of a Place so celebrated in Poetry; as he was not only perhaps the most learned, but one of the best Poets of his Time: I am glad of this occasion to do his Memory so much Justice as to say, the *English* Versification owes much of its Improvement to his Translations, and especially that admirable one of *Job*. What chiefly pleases me in this place, is to see the exact Landskip of old *Troy*, we have a clear Idea of the Town itself, and of the Roads and Countrey about it; the River, the Fig-trees, and every part is set before our Eyes.

XIII.

VERSE 219. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the Skies.*] We have here an Instance of the great Judgment of *Homer*. The Death of *Hector* being the chief Action of the Poem; he assembles the Gods, and calls a Council in Heaven concerning it: It is for the same Reason that he represents *Jupiter* with the greatest Solemnity weighing in his Scales the Fates of the two Heroes: I have before observ'd at large upon the last Circumstance in a preceding Note, so that there is no occasion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the Commentators have taken notice of this Beauty; in my Opinion it is a very necessary Observation, and shews the Art and Judgment of the Poet, in that he has made the greatest and finishing Action of the Poem of such Importance that it engages the Gods in Debates.

XIV.

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XIV.

VERSE 226. *From Ida's Summits—*] It was the Custom of the *Pagans* to sacrifice to the Gods upon the Hills and Mountains, in Scripture Language upon the *high places*, for they were persuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited such Eminences: Wherefore God order'd his People to destroy all those high places, which the Nations had prophan'd by their Idolatry. *You shall utterly destroy all the Places wherein the Nations which you shall possess served their Gods, upon the high Mountains, and upon the Hills, and under every green Tree.* Deut. xii. 2. 'Tis for this Reason that so many Kings are reproach'd in Scripture for not taking away the *high Places*.

XV.

VERSE 249. *Thus Step by Step, &c.*] There is some Difficulty in this Passage, and it seems strange that *Achilles* could not overtake *Hector* when he is allow'd to excel so much in Swiftneſs, eſpecially when the Poet deſcribes him as running in a narrower Circle than *Hector*: *Eustathius* gives us many Solutions from the Ancients: *Homer* has already told us that they run for the Life of *Hector*; and conſequently *Hector* would exert his utmoſt Speed, whereas *Achilles* might only endeavour to keep him from entering the City: Beſides, *Achilles* could not directly purſue him, becauſe he frequently made Efforts to ſhelter himſelf under the Wall, and he being oblig'd to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more Steps than *Hector*; but the Poet to rake away all Grounds of an Objection, tells us afterwards, that *Apollo* gave him a ſupernatural Swiftneſs.

XVI.

VERSE 251. *As Men in Slumbers.*] This beautiful Compariſon has been condemn'd by ſome of the Ancients, even ſo far as to judge it unworthy of having a Place in the *Iliad*:
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They say the Diction is mean, and the Similitude itself absurd, because it compares the Swiftneſs of the Heroes to Men aſleep, who are in a ſtate of Reſt and Inactivity; but ſurely there cannot be a more groundleſs Criticiſm: The Poet is ſo far from drawing his Compariſon from the Repoſe of Men aſleep, that he alludes only to their Dreams: It is a Race in fancy that he deſcribes; and ſurely the Imagination is nimble enough to illuſtrate the greateſt Degree of Swiftneſs: Beſides the Verſes themſelves run, with the utmoſt Rapidity, and imitate the Swiftneſs they deſcribe. *Euſtathius.*

What ſufficiently proves theſe Verſes to be genuine, is, that *Virgil* has imitated them, *Æn.* 12.

Ac veluti in ſomnis—

XVII.

VERSE 270. *Sign'd to the Troops, &c.*] The Difference which *Homer* here makes between *Hector* and *Achilles* deſerves to be taken notice of; *Hector* in running away towards the Walls, to the end that the *Trojans* who are upon them may overwhelm *Achilles* with their Darts; and *Achilles* in turning *Hector* towards the Plain, makes a Sign to his Troops not to attack him. This ſhews the great Courage of *Achilles*; and yet this Action which appears ſo generous has been very much condemn'd by the Ancients; *Plutarch* in the Life of *Pompey* gives us to underſtand, that it was look'd upon as the Action of a Fool too greedy of Glory: Indeed this is not a ſingle Combat of *Achilles* againſt *Hector*, (for in that caſe *Achilles* would have done very ill not to hinder his Troops from aſſaulting him) this was a Rencontre in a Battel, and ſo *Achilles* might, and ought to take all Advantage to rid himſelf, the readieſt and the ſureſt way, of an Enemy whoſe Death would procure an entire Victory to his Party. Wherefore does he leave this Victory to Chance? Why expoſe himſelf to the Hazard of loſing it? Why does he prefer his private Glory to the publick Weal, and the Safety of all the *Greeks*, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer,
and

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and endangering his own Person? I grant it is a Fault, but it must be own'd to be the Fault of a Hero. *Eustathius.*
Dacier.

XVIII.

VERSE 278. *Then Phœbus left him—*] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of describing a plain Circumstance: The Hour of *Hector's* Death was now come, and the Poet expresses it by saying that *Apollo*, or *Destiny*, forsakes him: That is, the Fates no longer protect him. *Eustathius.*

XIX.

VERSE *id.* — *Fierce Minerva flies to stern Pelides, &c.*] The Poet may seem to diminish the Glory of *Achilles*, by ascribing the Victory over *Hector* to the Assistance of *Pallas*; whereas in truth he fell by the Hand only of *Achilles*: But Poetry loves to raise every thing into a Wonder; it steps out of the common Road of Narration, and aims to surprize; and the Poet would farther insinuate that it is a greater Glory to *Achilles* to be belov'd by the Gods, than to be only excellent in Valour: For many Men have Valour, but few the Favour of Heaven. *Eustathius.*

XX.

VERSE 291. *Obey'd and rested.*] The whole Passage where *Pallas* deceives *Hector* is evidently an Allegory: *Achilles* perceiving that he cannot overtake *Hector*, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the Pursuit; the Stratagem takes effect, and recalls his Enemy: This the Poet expresses by saying that *Pallas*, or *Wisdom*, came to assist *Achilles*. *Hector* observing his Enemy stay to rest concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes Courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an Advantage, but at last finds himself deceiv'd: Thus making a wrong Judgment he

is betray'd into his Death; so that his own *false Judgment* is the *treacherous Pallas* that deceives him. *Eustathius*.

XXI.

VERSE 317. *The Speeches of Hector, and of Achilles.*] There is an Opposition between these Speeches excellently adapted to the Characters of both the Heroes: That of *Hector* is full of Courage, but mixt with Humanity: That of *Achilles*, of Resentment and Arrogance: We see the great *Hector* disposing of his own Remains, and that Thirst of Glory which has made him live with Honour, now bids him provide, as *Eustathius* observes, that what once was *Hector* may not be dishonour'd: Thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a Contempt of Death, in the Speeches of *Hector*. But in that of *Achilles* there is a *Fiertè*, and an insolent Air of Superiority; his Magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a Victory, he bids him prepare to defend himself with all his Forces, and that Valour and Resentment which made him desirous that he might revenge himself upon *Hector* with his own Hand, and forbade the *Greeks* to interpose, now directs him not to take any Advantage over a brave Enemy. I think both their Characters are admirably sustain'd, and tho' *Achilles* be drawn with a great Violence of Features, yet the Picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmost Absurdity to have soften'd one Line upon this Occasion, when the Soul of *Achilles* was all on fire to revenge the Death of his Friend *Patroclus*. I must desire the Reader to carry this Observation in his Memory, and particularly in that place, where *Achilles* says he could eat the very Flesh of *Hector*; (tho' I have a little soften'd it in the Translation) V. 438.

XXII.

VERSE 391. *So Jove's bold Bird, &c.*] The Poet takes up some time in describing the two great Heroes before they close in Fight: The Verses are pompous and magnificent, and he illustrates his Description with two beautiful Similes: He makes
a double

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a double use of this Conduct; he not only raises our Imagination to attend to so momentous an Action, but by lengthening his Narration he keeps the Mind in a pleasing Suspense, and divides it between Hopes and Fears for the Fate of *Hector* or *Achilles*.

XXIII.

VERSE 409. *Thro' that penetrable Part furious he drove, &c.*] It was necessary that the Poet shou'd be very particular in this Point, because the Arms that *Hector* wore, were the Arms of *Achilles*, taken from *Patroclus*; and consequently, as they were the Work of *Vulcan*, they would preserve *Hector* from the Possibility of a Wound: The Poet therefore to give an Air of Probability to his Story, tells us that they were *Patroclus* his Arms, and as they were not made for *Hector*, they might not exactly fit his Body: So that it is not improbable but there might be some place about the Neck of *Hector* so open as to admit the Spear of *Achilles*. *Eusebius*.

XXIV.

VERSE 438. *Could I my self the bloody Banquet join!]* I have before hinted that there is something very fierce and violent in this Passage; but I fancy that what I there observ'd will justify *Homer* in his Relation, tho' not *Achilles* in his savage Sentiments: Yet the Poet softens the Expression by saying that *Achilles* only wishes that his Heart would permit him to devour him: This is much more tolerable than a Passage in the *Thebais* of *Statius*, where *Tydeus* in the very Pangs of Death is represented as gnawing the Head of his Enemy.

XXV.

VERSE 440. *Should Troy, to bribe me, &c.*] Such Resolutions as *Achilles* here makes, are very natural to Men in Anger; he tells *Hector* that no Motives shall ever prevail with

with him to suffer his Body to be ransom'd; yet when Time had cool'd his Heat, and he had somewhat satisfy'd his Revenge by insulting his Remains, he restores them to *Priam*, this perfectly agrees with his Conduct in the ninth Book, where at first he gives a rough Denial, and afterwards softens into an easier Temper. And this is very agreeable to the Nature of *Achilles*; his Anger abates very slowly; it is stubborn, yet still it remits: Had the Poet drawn him as never to be pacify'd, he had outrag'd Nature, and not represented his Hero as a Man, but as a Monster. *Eustathius*.

XXVI.

VERSE 450. *A Day will come—*] *Hector* prophesies at his Death that *Achilles* shall fall by the Hand of *Paris*. This confirms an Observation made in a former Note, that the Words of dying Men were look'd upon as Prophecies; but whether such Conjectures are true or false, it appears from hence, that such Opinions have prevail'd in the World above three thousand Years.

XXVII.

VERSE 468. *The great Dead deface with Wounds, &c.*] *Eustathius* tells us that *Homer* introduces the Soldiers wounding the dead Body of *Hector*, in order to mitigate the Cruelties which *Achilles* exercises upon his Body: For if every common Soldier takes a Pride in giving him a Wound, what Insults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflam'd *Achilles*? But I must confess myself unable to vindicate the Poet in giving us such an Idea of his Countreymen. I think the former Courage of their Enemy should have been so far from moving them to Revenge, that it should have recommended him to their Esteem: What *Achilles* afterwards acts is suitable to his Character, and consequently the Poet is justify'd; but surely all the *Greeks* were not of his Temper? *Patroclus* was not so dear to them all, as he

was

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was to *Achilles*. 'Tis true the Poet represents *Achilles*, (as *Eustathius* observes) enumerating the many Ills they had suffer'd from *Heſtor*; and he ſeems to endeavour to infect the whole Army with his Reſentment. Had *Heſtor* been living, they had been acted by a generous Indignation againſt him: But theſe Men ſeem as if they only dared approach him dead; in ſhort, what they ſay over his Body is a mean Inſult, and the Stabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous.

XXXI.

VERSE 474. *The Speech of Achilles.*] We have a very fine Observation of *Eustathius* on this Place, that the Judgment and Address of *Homer* here is extremely worthy of Remark: He knew, and had often said, that the Gods and Fate had not granted *Achilles* the Glory of taking *Troy*: There was then no reason to make him march against the Town after the Death of *Hector*, since all his Efforts must have been ineffectual. What has the Poet done in this Conjunction? It was but reasonable that the first Thought of *Achilles* should be to march directly to *Troy*, and to profit himself of the general Consternation into which the Death of *Hector* had thrown the *Trojans*. We here see he knows the Duty, and does not want the Ability, of a great General; but after this on a sudden he changes his Design, and derives a plausible Pretence from the Impatience he has to pay the last Devoirs to his Friend. The Manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for *Patroclus*, make this very natural. At the same time, this turning off to the tender and pathetick has a fine Effect; the Reader in the very Fury of the Hero's Vengeance, perceives, that *Achilles* is still a Man, and capable of softer Passions.

XXXII.

* VERSE 494. "Hector is dead, and Ilium is no more.] I have follow'd the Opinion of *Eustathius*, who thought that what *Achilles* says here was the Chorus or Burden of
4 P a Song

a Song of Triumph, in which his Troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious Combate. *Dacier* observes that this is very correspondent to the Manners of those Times; and instances in that Passage of the Book of *Kings*, when *David* returns from the Conquest of *Goliath*: The Women there go out to meet him from all the Cities of *Israel*, and sing a triumphal Song, the Chorus whereof is, *Saul has kill'd his Thousands, and David his ten Thousands.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 496.] *Unworthy of himself, and of the Dead.*] This Inhumanity of *Achilles* in dragging the dead Body of *Hector*, has been severely (and I think indeed not without some Justice) censur'd by several both Ancients and Moderns. *Plato* in his third Book *de Republica*, speaks of it with Detestation: But methinks it is a great Injustice to *Homer* to reflect upon the Morals of the Author himself, for things which he only paints as the Manners of a vicious Hero.

It may justly be observ'd in general of all *Plato's* Objections against *Homer*, that they are still in a View to Morality, constantly blaming him for representing ill and immoral Things as the Opinions or Actions of his Persons. To every one of these one general Answer will serve, which is, that *Homer* as often describes ill things, in order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow them (which is the Case with all Writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently shews the Injustice of *Plato's* Censure is, that many of those very Actions for which he blames him are expressly characterized and marked by *Homer* himself as evil and detestable, by previous Expressions or Cautions. Thus in the present Place, before he describes this Barbarity of *Achilles*, he tells us it was a most unworthy Action.

—καὶ Ἐκλογὰ δῖον ἀεικέα μῆδε' ἔφα.

When *Achilles* sacrifices the twelve young *Trojans* in l. 23. he repeats the same Words. When *Pandarus* broke the Truce

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Truce in l. 4. he told us it was a mad, unjust Deed,

—τῷ δὲ Φρῆνας ἄφρονι πείθεν.

And so of the rest.

XXXIV.

VERSE 506. *The Face divine, and long-descending Hair.*] It is impossible to read the Actions of great Men without having our Curiosity rais'd to know the least Circumstance that relates to them: *Homer* to satisfy it, has taken care in the Process of his Poem to give us the Shape of his Heroes, and the very Colour of their Hair; thus he has told us that *Achilles's* Locks were yellow, and here the Epithet *Κυάneau* shews us that those of *Hector* were of a darker Colour: As to his Person, he told us a little above that it was so handsome that all the *Greeks* were surpriz'd to see it. *Plutarch* recites a remarkable Story of the Beauty of *Hector*: It was reported in *Lacedæmon*, that a handsome Youth who very much resembled *Hector*, was arriv'd there; immediately the whole City run in such Numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to Death by the Crowd. *Eustathius*.

XXXV.

VERSE 543. *Sinks my sad Soul with Sorrow to the Grave.*] It is in the Greek

*Οὐ μ' ἄχος ὅξυ καλοῖσθαι ἄιδος εἶσω.

It is needless to observe to the Reader with what a beautiful Pathos the wretched Father laments his Son *Hector*: It is impossible not to join with *Priam* in his Sorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my Reader, is the Beauty of this Line, which is particularly tender, and almost Word for Word the same with that of the Patriarch *Jacob*; who upon a like Occasion breaks out into the same Complaint, and tells

4 his

his Children, that if they deprive him of his Son *Benjamin*, they will *bring down his grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave*.

XXXVI.

VERSE 563, &c.] The Grief of *Andromache*, which is painted in the following Part, is far beyond all the Praises that can be given it; but I must take notice of one Particular which shews the great Art of the Poet. In order to make the Wife of *Hector* appear yet more afflicted than his Parents, he has taken care to encrease her Affliction by Surprise: It is finely prepar'd by the Circumstances of her being retir'd to her innermost Apartment, of her Employment in weaving a Robe for her Husband (as may be conjectur'd from what she says afterward, *W. 657.*) and of her Maids preparing the Bath for his Return: All which (as the Criticks have observ'd) augment the Surprise, and render this Reverse of Fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

XXXVI.

VERSE 600. *Her Hair's fair Ornaments.*] *Eustathius* remarks, that in speaking of *Andromache* and *Hecuba*, *Homer* expatiates upon the Ornaments of Dress in *Andromache*, because she was a beautiful young Princess; but is very concise about that of *Hecuba*, because she was old, and wore a Dress rather suitable to her Age and Gravity, than to her State, Birth, and Condition. I cannot pass over a Matter of such Importance as a young Lady's Dress, without endeavouring to explain what sort of Heads were worn above three thousand Years ago.

It is difficult to describe particularly every Ornament mention'd by the Poet, but I shall lay before my female Readers the Bishop's Explanation. The ἄμπτυξ was used, τὸ τὰς ἐμπροσθίας τρίχας ἀναδεῖν, that is, to tye backwards the Hair that grew on the fore-part of the Head: The κεκρυφαλός was a Veil of Network that cover'd the Hair when it was so ty'd:

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ty'd: Ἀναδέσμη was an Ornament us'd κύκλω περὶ τὰς κορυφὰς ἀναδεῖν, to tie backwards the Hair that grew on the Temples; and the Κρήδεμνον was a Filler, perhaps embroider'd with Gold, (from the Expression of χρυσῇ ΑΦροδίτῃ) that bound the whole, and compleated the Dress.

The Ladies cannot but be pleas'd to see so much Learning and Greek upon this important Subject.

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that Distinction of Characters which he maintains thro' his whole Poem: What *Andromache* here says, can be spoken properly by none but *Andromache*: There is nothing general in her Sorrows, nothing that can be transfer'd to another Character: The Mother laments the Son, and the Wife weeps over the Husband.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 628. *The Day that to the Shades, &c.*] The following Verses, which so finely describe the Condition of an Orphan, have been rejected by some ancient Criticks: It is a Proof there were always Criticks of no manner of Taste; it being impossible any where to meet with a more exquisite Passage. I will venture to say, there are not in all *Homer* any Lines more worthy of him: The Beauty of this tender and Compassionate Image is such, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the *Iliad* is too much stained. These Censurers imagined this Description to be of too abject and mean a Nature for one of the Quality of *Astyanax*; but had they consider'd (says *Eustathius*) that these are the Words of a fond Mother who fear'd every thing for her Son, that Women are by Nature timorous and think all Misfortunes will happen, because there is a Possibility that they may; that *Andromache* is in the very height of her Sorrows, in the Instant she is speaking; I fancy they would have alter'd their Opinion.

It is undoubtedly an Aggravation to our Misfortunes when they sink us in a Moment from the highest flow of Prosperity to the lowest Adversity: The Poet judiciously makes use of this Circumstance, the more to excite our Pity, and intro-

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duces

duces the Mother with the utmost Tenderness, lamenting this Reverse of Fortune in her Son; chang'd all at once into a Slave, a Beggar, an Orphan! Have we not Examples in our own Times of such unhappy Princes, whose Condition renders this of *Astyanax* but too probable?

XXXIX.

VERSE 647. *On Dainties fed.*] It is in the Greek, "Who upon his Father's Knees us'd to eat Marrow and the Fat of Sheep. This would seem gross if it were literally translated, but it is a figurative Expression; and in the Style of the Orientals, Marrow and Fatness are taken for whatever is best, tenderest, and most delicious. Thus in *Job* xxi. 24. *Viscera ejus plena sunt adipe & medullis ossa ejus irrigantur.* And xxxvi. 16. *Requies autem mensæ tuæ erit plena pinguedine.* In *Jer.* xxxi. 14. God says, that he will satiate the Soul of the Priests with Fatness. *Inebriabo animam Sacerdotum pinguedine.* *Dacier.*

XL.

VERSE 657. *The martial Scarf and Robe of Triumph wove.*] This Idea very naturally offers itself to a Woman, who represents to herself the Body of her Husband dash'd to pieces, and all his Limbs dragg'd upon the Ground uncover'd; and nothing is more proper to excite Pity. 'Tis well known that it was anciently the Custom among Princesses and great Ladies to have large Quantities of Stuffs and Moveables. This Provision was more necessary in those Times than now, because of the great Consumption made of them on those Occasions of Mourning.

I am of Opinion that *Homer* had a farther View in expatiating thus largely upon the Death of *Hector*. Every Word that *Hecuba*, *Priam*, and *Andromache* speaks, shews us the Importance of *Hector*: Every Word adds a Weight to the concluding Action of his Poem, and at the same time represents the sad Effects of the Anger of *Achilles*, which is the Subject of it.

THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Funeral of Patroclus.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do Honours to the Body of Patroclus. After the funeral Feast he retires to the Sea-Shore, where falling asleep, the Ghost of his Friend appears to him, and demands the Rites of Burial; the next Morning the Soldiers are sent with Mules and Wag-gons to fetch Wood for the Pyre. The funeral Procession, and the offering of their Hair to the Dead. Achilles sacrifices several Animals, and lastly, twelve Trojan Captives at the Pile; then sets fire to it. He pays Libations to the Winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the Flames. When the Pile has burn'd all Night, they gather the Bones, place 'em in an Urn of Gold, and raise the Tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral Games: The Chariot Race, the Fight of the Cæstus, the Wrestling, the Foot-Race, the single Combate, the Discus, the shooting with Arrows, the darting the Javelin: The various Descriptions of which, and the various Success of the several Antagonists, make the greatest part of the Book.

In this Book ends the thirtieth Day: The Night following, the Ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: The one and thirtieth Day is employ'd in felling the Timber for the Pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the Games. The Scene is generally on the Sea-Shore.

THE
 TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
 OF THE
 ILLIAD.

THUS humbled in the Dust, the pensive
 Train

Thro' the sad City mourn'd her Hero slain.
 The Body foil'd with Dust, and black with Gore,
 Lyes on broad *Hellespont's* resounding Shore:
 The *Grecians* seek their Ships, and clear the Strand,
 All, but the martial *Myrmidonian* Band:
 These yet assembled great *Achilles* holds,
 And the stern purpose of his Mind unfolds.

Not yet (my brave Companions of the War)
 Release your smoaking Coursers from the Car; to
 But, with his Chariot each in order led,
 Perform due Honours to *Patroclus* dead.

R

E'er

E'er yet from Rest or Food we seek Relief,
Some Rites remain, to glut our Rage of Grief.
15 The Troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(*Achilles* first) their Coursers round the Dead;
And thrice their Sorrows and Laments renew;
Tears drop the Sands, and Tears their Arms bedew.
For such a Warrior *Thetis* aids their Woe,
20 Melts their strong Hearts, and bids their Eyes to flow.
But chief, *Pelides*: thick-succeeding Sighs
Burst from his Heart, and Torrents from his Eyes:
His slaught'ring Hands, yet red with Blood, he laid
On his dead Friend's cold Breast, and thus he said.
25 All hail *Patroclus*! let thy honour'd Ghost
Hear, and rejoice on *Pluto's* dreary Coast;
Behold! *Achilles'* Promise is compleat;
The bloody *Hector* stretch'd before thy Feet!
Lo! to the Dogs his Carcass I resign;
30 And twelve sad Victims of the Trojan Line
Sacred to Vengeance, instant shall expire,
Their Lives effus'd around thy fun'ral Pyre.
Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the Bier the bleeding *Hector* threw,

Prone

BOOK XXIII. HOMER's ILLIAD. 63

Prone on the Dust. The *Myrmidons* around 35
Unbrac'd their Armour, and the Steeds unbound.
All to *Achilles'* fable Ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial Feast to share.
Now from the well-fed Swine black Smokes aspire,
The bristly Victims hissing o'er the Fire; 40
The huge Ox bellowing falls; with feeble cries
Expires the Goat; the Sheep in Silence dies:
Around the Hero's prostrate Body flow'd
In one promiscuous Stream, the reeking Blood.
And now a Band of *Argive* Monarchs brings 45
The glorious Victor to the King of Kings.
From his dead Friend the pensive Warrior went,
With Steps unwilling, to the regal Tent.
Th'attending Heralds, as by Office bound,
With kindled Flames the Tripod-Vase surround; 50
To cleanse his conqu'ring Hands from hostile Gore,
They urg'd in vain; the Chief refus'd, and swore.
No Drop shall touch me, by almighty *Jove*!
The first and greatest of the Gods above!
Till on the Pyre I place thee; till I rear 55
The grassy Mound, and clip thy sacred Hair.

Some

Some Ease at least those pious Rites may give,
 And sooth my Sorrows, while I bear to live.
 Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
 60 And share your Feast; but, with the Dawn of Day,
 (O King of Men!) it claims thy royal Care,
 That *Greece* the Warrior's fun'ral Pile prepare,
 And bid the Forests fall: (Such Rites are paid
 To Heroes slumb'ring in Eternal Shade)
 65 Then, when his earthly Part shall mount in Fire,
 Let the leagu'd Squadrons to their Posts retire.

He spoke; they hear him, and the Word obey;
 The Rage of Hunger and of Thirst allay,
 Then ease in Sleep the Labours of the Day.
 70 But great *Pelides*, stretch'd along the Shore
 Where dash'd on Rocks the broken Billows roar,
 Lies inly groaning; while on either Hand
 The martial *Myrmidons* confus'dly stand:
 Along the Grass his languid Members fall,
 75 Tir'd with his Chase around the *Trojan* Wall;
 Hush'd by the Murmurs of the rolling Deep
 At length he sinks in the soft Arms of Sleep.

When

When lo! the Shade before his closing Eyes
Of sad *Patroclus* rose, or seem'd to rise;

In the same Robe the Living wore, he came, 80

In Stature, Voice, and pleasing Look, the same.

The Form familiar hover'd o'er his Head,

And sleeps *Achilles*, (thus the Phantom said)

Sleeps my *Achilles*, his *Patroclus* dead?

Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest Care, 85

But now forgot, I wander in the Air:

Let my pale Corse the Rites of Burial know,

And give me Entrance in the Realms below:

Till then, the Spirit finds no resting place,

But here and there th' unbody'd Spectres chace 90

The vagrant Dead around the dark Abode,

Forbid to cross th' irremeable Flood.

Now give thy Hand; for to the farther Shore

When once we pass, the Soul returns no more.

When once the last Funereal Flames ascend, 95

No more shall meet, *Achilles* and his Friend,

No more our Thoughts to those we lov'd make known,

Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.

S

Me

Me Fate has sever'd from the Sons of Earth,
 100 The Fate fore-doom'd that waited from my Birth:
 Thee too it waits; before the *Trojan* Wall
 Ev'n great and god-like Thou art doom'd to fall.
 Hear then; and as in Fate and Love we joyn,
 Ah suffer that my Bones may rest with thine!
 105 Together have we liv'd, together bred,
 One House receiv'd us, and one Table fed;
 That golden Urn thy Goddess's Mother gave
 May mix our Ashes in one common Grave.

And is it thou (he answers) to my Sight
 Once more return'st thou from the Realms of Night?
 Oh more than Brother! Think each Office paid,
 110 Whate'er can rest a discontented Shade;
 But grant one last Embrace, unhappy Boy!
 Afford at least that melancholy joy.

He said, and with his longing Arms essay'd
 In vain to grasp the visionary Shade;
 115 Like a thin Smoke he sees the Spirit fly,
 And hears a feeble, lamentable Cry.
 Confus'd he wakes; Amazement breaks the Bands
 Of golden Sleep, and starting from the Sands,
 Pensive he muses with uplifted Hands.

'Tis

BOOK XXIII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 67

'Tis true, 'tis certain; Man, tho' dead, retains 120
 Part of himself; th'immortal Mind remains:
 The Form subsists, without the Body's Aid,
 Aerial Semblance, and an empty Shade!
 This night my Friend, so late in Battel lost,
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive Ghost; 125
 Ev'n now familiar, as in Life, he came,
 Alas how diff'rent! yet how like the same!

Thus while he spoke, each Eye grew big with Tears:
 And now the rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
 Shews every mournful Face with Tears o'erspread, 130
 And glares on the pale Visage of the Dead.
 But *Agamemnon*, as the Rites demand,
 With Mules and Waggon sends a chosen Band;
 To load the Timber and the Pile to rear,
 A Charge consign'd to *Merion's* faithful Care. 135
 With proper Instruments they take the Road,
 Axes to cut, and Ropes to sling the Load.
 First march the heavy Mules, securely flow,
 O'er Hills, o'er Dales, o'er Craggs, o'er Rocks, they go:
 Jumping high o'er the Shrubs of the rough Ground, 140
 Rattle the clatt'ring Cars, and the shockt Axles bound.

But when arriv'd at *Ida*'s spreading Woods,
 (Fair *Ida*, water'd with descending Floods)
 Loud sounds the Axe, redoubling Strokes on Strokes;
 145 On all sides round the Forest hurles her Oaks
 Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the Thickets brown;
 Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
 The Wood the *Grecians* cleave, prepar'd to burn;
 And the slow Mules the same rough Road return.
 150 The sturdy Woodmen equal Burthens bore
 (Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the sandy Shore;
 There on the Spot which great *Achilles* show'd,
 They eas'd their Shoulders, and dispos'd the Load;
 Circling around the Place, where Times to come
 155 Shall view *Patroclus*' and *Achilles*' Tomb.
 The Hero bids his martial Troops appear
 High on their Cars, in all the Pomp of War;
 Each in refulgent Arms his Limbs attires,
 All mount their Chariots, Combatants and Squires.
 160 The Chariots first proceed, a shining Train;
 Then Clouds of Foot that smook along the Plain;
 Next these a melancholy Band appear,
 Amidst, lay dead *Patroclus* on the Bier:

O'er all the Corse their scatter'd Locks they throw.

Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty Woe, 165

Supporting with his Hands the Hero's Head,

Bends o'er th'extended Body of the Dead.

The Body decent, on th'appointed Ground

They place, and heap the Sylvan Pile around.

But great *Achilles* stands apart in Pray'r, 170

And from his Head divides the yellow Hair;

The curling Locks which from his Youth he vow'd,

And sacred grew to *Sperchius* honour'd Flood:

Then sighing, to the Deep his Looks he cast,

And roll'd his Eyes around the wat'ry Waste. 175

Sperchius! whose Waves in mazy Errors lost
Delightful roll along my native Coast!

To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,

These Locks to fall, and Hecatombs to burn;

Full fifty Rams to bleed in Sacrifice, 180

Where to the Day thy silver Fountains rise,

And where in Shade of consecrated Bow'rs

Thy Altars stand, perfum'd with native Flow'rs!

So vow'd my Father, but he vow'd in vain;

No more *Achilles* sees his native Plain; 185

T

In

In that vain Hope these Hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the Shades below.

Thus o'er *Patroclus* while the Hero pray'd,
On his cold Hand the sacred Lock he laid.

¹⁹⁰ Once more afresh the *Grecian* Sorrows flow :
And now the Sun had set upon their Woe ;
But to the King of Men thus spoke the Chief.
Enough, *Atrides* ! give the Troops Relief :
Permit the mourning Legions to retire,
¹⁹⁵ And let the Chiefs alone attend the Pyre ;
The pious Care be ours, the Dead to burn---
He said : The People to their Ships return :
While those deputed to inter the Slain
Heap with a rising Pyramid the Plain.

²⁰⁰ A hundred Foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing Structure spreads on ev'ry Side ;
High on the Top the manly Corse they lay,
And well-fed Sheep, and fable Oxen flay :
Achilles cover'd with their Fat the Dead,
²⁰⁵ And the pil'd Victims round the Body spread.
Then Jars of Honey, and of fragrant Oil
Suspend around, low-bending o'er the Pile.

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Four sprightly Courſers, with a deadly Groan
Pour forth their Lives, and on the Pyre are thrown.
Of nine large Dogs, domeſtick at his Board, 210
Fall two, ſelected to attend their Lord.
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad Sacrifice! twelve *Trojan* Captives fell.
On theſe the Rage of Fire victorious preys,
Involves, and joins them in one common Blaze. 215
Smear'd with the bloody Rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the Spirit with a dreadful Cry.

All hail, *Patroclus*! let thy vengeful Ghoſt
Hear, and exult on *Pluto's* dreary Coaſt.
Behold, *Achilles'* Promise fully paid, 220
Twelve *Trojan* Heroes offer'd to thy Shade;
But heavier Fates on *Hector's* Corſe attend,
Sav'd from the Flames, for hungry Dogs to rend.

So ſpake he, threat'ning: But the Gods made vain
His Threat, and guard inviolate the Slain: 225
Celeſtial *Venus* hover'd o'er his Head,
And roſeate Unguents, heav'nly Fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the Night, and all the Day,
And drove the Bloodhounds from their deſtin'd Prey.

Nor

²³⁰ Nor sacred *Phæbus* less employ'd his Care;
He pour'd around a Veil of gather'd Air,
And kept the Nerves undry'd, the Flesh entire,
Against the Solar Beam and *Sirian* Fire.

Nor yet the Pile where dead *Patroclus* lies,
²³⁵ Smokes, nor as yet the fullen Flames arise;
But fast beside *Achilles* stood in Pray'r,
Invok'd the Gods whose Spirit moves the Air,
And Victims promis'd, and Libations cast,
To gentle *Zephyr* and the *Boreal* Blast:

²⁴⁰ He call'd th'Aerial Pow'rs, along the Skies
To breathe, and whisper to the Fires to rise.
The winged *Iris* heard the Hero's Call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy Hall,
Where, in old *Zephyr's* open Courts on high,
²⁴⁵ Sate all the blustering Brethren of the Sky.

She shone amidst them, on her painted Bow;
The rocky Pavement glitter'd with the Show.
All from the Banquet rise, and each invites
The Various Goddesses to partake the Rites.

²⁵⁰ Not so, (the Dame reply'd) I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the Floods below:

Ev'n

Ev'n now our solemn Hecatombs attend,
And Heav'n is feasting on the World's green End,
With righteous *Æthiops* (uncorrupted Train!)
Far on th'extreamest Limits of the Main. 255
But *Peleus'* Son intreats, with Sacrifice,
The *Western Spirit*, and the *North* to rise;
Let on *Patroclus'* Pile your Blast be driv'n,
And bear the blazing Honours high to Heav'n.
Swift as the Word, she vanish'd from their View; 260
Swift as the Word, the *Winds* tumultuous flew;
Forth burst the stormy Band with thundring Roar,
And Heaps on Heaps the Clouds are tost before.
To the wide Main then stooping from the Skies,
The heaving Deeps in wat'ry Mountains rise: 265
Troy feels the Blast along her shaking Walls,
Till on the Pyle the gather'd Tempest falls.
The Structure crackles in the roaring Fires,
And all the Night the plenteous Flame aspires.
All Night, *Achilles* hails *Patroclus* Soul, 270
With large Libation from the golden Bowl.
As a poor Father helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the Ashes of an only Son,

Takes a sad Pleasure the last Bones to burn,
 275 And pour in Tears, e'er yet they close the Urn.
 So stay'd *Achilles*, circling round the Shore,
 So watch'd the Flames, till now they flam'd no more.
 'Twas when, emerging thro' the Shades of Night,
 The Morning Planet told th' approach of Light;
 280 And fast behind, *Aurora's* warmer Ray
 O'er the broad Ocean pour'd the golden Day:
 Then sunk the Blaze, the Pyle no longer burn'd,
 And to their Caves the whistling *Winds* return'd:
 Across the *Thracian* Seas their Course they bore;
 285 The ruffled Seas beneath their Passage roar.
 Then parting from the Pyle he ceas'd to weep,
 And sunk to Quiet in th' Embrace of Sleep,
 Exhausted with his Grief: Meanwhile the Crowd
 Of thronging *Grecians* round *Achilles* stood;
 290 The Tumult wak'd him: From his Eyes he shook
 Unwilling Slumber, and the Chiefs bespoke.
 Ye Kings and Princes of th' *Achaian* Name!
 First let us quench the yet-remaining Flame
 With fable Wine; then, (as the Rites direct,)
 295 The Hero's Bones with careful view select:

(Apart,

(Apart, and easy to be known they lye,
Amidst the Heap, and obvious to the Eye;
The rest around the Margins will be seen,
Promiscuous, Steeds, and immolated Men)
These wrapt in double Cauls of Fat, prepare; 300
And in the golden Vase dispose with Care;
There let them rest, with decent Honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th'Infernal Shade.
Meantime erect the Tomb with pious Hands,
A common Structure on the humble Sands; 305
Hereafter *Greece* some nobler Work may raise,
And late Posterity record our Praise.

The *Greeks* obey; where yet the Embers glow, }
Wide o'er the Pyle the sable Wine they throw, }
And deep subsides the ashy Heap below. } 310

Next the white Bones his sad Companions place
With Tears collected, in the golden Vase.

The sacred Relicks to the Tent they bore;

The Urn a Veil of Linen cover'd o'er.

That done, they bid the Sepulchre aspire, 315

And cast the deep Foundations round the Pyre;

High

High in the midst they heap the swelling Bed
Of rising Earth, Memorial of the Dead.

The swarming Populace the Chief detains,
320 And leads amidst a wide Extent of Plains;
There plac'd 'em round: Then from the Ships proceeds
A Train of Oxen, Mules, and stately Steeds,
Vases and Tripods, for the Fun'ral Games,
Resplendent Brass, and more resplendent Dames.

325 First stood the Prizes to reward the Force
Of rapid Racers in the dusty Course.
A Woman for the first, in Beauty's Bloom,
Skill'd in the Needle, and the lab'ring Loom;
And a large Vase, where two bright Handles rise,
330 Of twenty Measures its capacious Size.

The second Victor claims a Mare unbroke,
Big with a Mule, unknowing of the Yoke:
The third, a Charger yet untouch'd by Flame;
Four ample Measures held the shining Frame:

335 Two golden Talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double Bowl contents the last.

These in fair Order rang'd upon the Plain,
The Hero, rising, thus address the Train.

Behold

Behold the Prizes, valiant *Greeks*! decreed
To the brave Rulers of the racing Steed; 340
Prizes which none beside our self could gain,
Should our immortal Courfers take the Plain;
(A Race unrival'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his Son bestow'd.)
But this no time our Vigour to display, 345
Nor suit, with them, the Games of this sad Day:
Lost is *Patroclus* now, that wont to deck
Their flowing Manes, and fleck their glossy Neck.
Sad, as they shar'd in human Grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful Honours on the Sand! 350
Let others for the noble Task prepare,
Who trust the Courser, and the flying Car.

Fir'd at his Word, the Rival Racers rise;
But far the first, *Eumelus* hopes the Prize,
Fam'd thro' *Pieria* for the fleetest Breed, 355
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding Steed.
With equal Ardor bold *Tydides* swell'd
The Steeds of *Tros* beneath his Yoke compell'd,
(Which late obey'd the *Dardan* Chief's Command,
When scarce a God redeem'd him from his Hand) 360

Then *Menelaus* his *Podargus* brings,
 And the fam'd Courser of the King of Kings:
 Whom rich *Echepolus*, (more rich than brave)
 To 'scape the Wars, to *Agamemnon* gave,
 365 (*Æthe* her Name) at home to end his Days,
 Base Wealth preferring to eternal Praise.
 Next him *Antilochus* demands the Course,
 With beating Heart, and cheers his *Pylia*n Horse.
 Experienc'd *Nestor* gives the Son the Reins,
 370 Directs his Judgment, and his Heat restrains;
 Nor idly warns the hoary Sire, nor hears
 The prudent Son with unattending Ears.

My Son! tho' youthful Ardor fire thy Beraft,
 The Gods have lov'd thee, and with Arts have blest.
 375 *Neptune* and *Jove* on thee conferr'd the Skill,
 Swift round the Goal to turn the flying Wheel.
 To guide thy Conduct, little Precept needs;
 But slow, and past their Vigour, are my Steeds.
 Fear not thy Rivals, tho' for Swiftness known,
 380 Compare those Rivals Judgment, and thy own:
 It is not Strength, but Art, obtains the Prize,
 And to be swift is less than to be wise:

'Tis

'Tis more by Art, than Force of num'rous Strokes,
The dext'rous Woodman shapes the stubborn Oaks;
By Art, the Pilot thro' the boiling Deep 385
And howling Tempest, steers the fearless Ship;
And 'tis the Artist wins the glorious Course,
Not those, who trust in Chariots and in Horse.
In vain unskilfull to the Goal they strive,
And short, or wide, th'ungovern'd Courser drive: 390
While with sure Skill, tho' with inferior Steeds,
The knowing Racer to his End proceeds;
Fix'd on the Goal his Eye fore-runs the Course,
His Hand unerring steers the steady Horse,
And now contracts, or now extends the Rein, 395
Observing still the foremost on the Plain.
Mark then the Goal, 'tis easy to be found;
Yon' aged Trunk, a Cubit from the Ground;
Of some once-stately Oak the last Remains, 400
Or hardy Fir, unperish'd with the Rains.
Inclos'd with Stones conspicuous from afar,
And round, a Circle for the wheeling Car.
(Some Tomb perhaps of old, the Dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the Limit of a Race) 405

Bear

Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand Steed;
But urge the Right, and give him all the Reins;
While thy strict Hand his Fellows Head restrains,
410 And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,
The Wheel's round Naves appear to brush the Goal.
Yet (not to break the Car, or lame the Horse)
Clear of the stony Heap direct the Course;
Left thro' Incaution failing, thou may'st be
415 A Joy to others, a Reproach to me.

So shalt thou pass the Goal, secure of Mind,
And leave unskilful Swiftnefs far behind.
Tho' thy fierce Rival drove the matchless Steed
Which bore *Adraftus*, of celestial Breed;
420 Or the fam'd Race thro' all the Regions known,
That whirl'd the Car of proud *Laomedon*.

Thus, (nought unsaid) the much-advising Sage
Concludes; then fate, stiff with unwieldy Age.
Next bold *Meriones* was seen to rise,
425 The last, but not least ardent for the Prize.

They mount their Seats; the Lots their Place dispose;
(Roll'd in his Helmet, these *Achilles* throws.)

Young

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILLIAD.

81

Young *Nestor* leads the Race: *Eumelus* then;
 And next, the Brother of the King of Men:
 Thy Lot, *Meriones*, the fourth was cast;
 And, far the bravest, *Diomed*, was last.
 They stand in order, an impatient Train;
Pelides points the Barrier on the Plain,
 And sends before old *Phoenix* to the Place,
 To mark the Racers, and to judge the Race.
 At once the Coursers from the Barrier bound;
 The lifted Scourges all at once resound;
 Their Heart, their Eyes, their Voice, they send before;
 And up the Champain thunder from the Shore:
 Thick, where they drive, the dusty Clouds arise,
 And the lost Courser in the Whirlwind flies;
 Loose on their Shoulders the long Manes reclin'd,
 Float in their Speed, and dance upon the Wind:
 The smoaking Chariots, rapid as they bound,
 Now seem to touch the Sky, and now the Ground.
 While hot for Fame, and Conquest all their Care,
 (Each o'er his flying Courser hung in Air)
 Erect with Ardour, pois'd upon the Rein,
 They pant, they stretch, they shout along the Plain.

Y

Now,

450 Now, (the last Compass fetch'd around the Goal)
 At the near Prize each gathers all his Soul,
 Each burns with double Hope, with double Pain,
 Tears up the Shore, and thunders tow'rd the Main.
 First flew *Eumelus* on *Pheretian* Steeds;

455 With those of *Tros*, bold *Diomed* succeeds:
 Close on *Eumelus*' Back they puff the Wind,
 And seem just mounting on his Car behind;
 Full on his Neck he feels the sultry Breeze,
 And hov'ring o'er, their stretching Shadows sees.

460 Then had he lost, or left a doubtful Prize;
 But angry *Phæbus* to *Tydides* flies,
 Strikes from his Hand the Scourge, and renders vain
 His matchless Horses labour on the Plain.
 Rage fills his Eye with Anguish, to survey

465 Snatch'd from his Hope, the Glories of the Day.
 The Fraud celestial *Pallas* sees with Pain,
 Springs to her Knight, and gives the Scourge again,
 And fills his Steeds with Vigour. At a Stroke,
 She breaks his Rivals Chariot from the Yoke;

470 No more their Way the startled Horses held;
 The Car reyers'd came rat'ling on the Field;

Shot

Shot headlong from his Seat, beside the Wheel,
Prone on the Dust th'unhappy Master fell;
His batter'd Face and Elbows strike the Ground;
Nose, Mouth and Front, one undistinguish'd Wound:⁴⁷⁵
Grief stops his Voice, a Torrent drowns his Eyes;
Before him far the glad *Tydides* flies;
Minerva's Spirit drives his matchless Pace,
And crowns him Victor of the labour'd Race.

The next, tho' distant, *Menelas* succeeds; ⁴⁸⁰
While thus young *Nestor* animates his Steeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous Pair, exert your Force;
Not that we hope to match *Tydides'* Horse,
Since great *Minerva* wings their rapid Way,
And gives their Lord the Honours of the Day. ⁴⁸⁵
But reach *Atrides*! Shall his Mare out-go
Your Swiftnefs? Vanquish'd by a female Foe?
Thro' your neglect if lagging on the Plain
The last ignoble Gift be all we gain;
No more shall *Nestor's* Hand your Food supply, ⁴⁹⁰
The old Man's Fury rises, and ye die.
Haste then; yon' narrow Road before our Sight
Presents th'occasion, could we use it right.

Thus

Thus He. The Coursers at their Master's Threat
 495 With quicker Steps the sounding Champain beat.
 And now *Antilochus*, with nice survey,
 Observes the Compass of the hollow way.
 'Twas where by Force of wintry Torrents torn,
 Fast by the Road a Precipice was worn:
 500 Here, where but one could pass, to shun the Throng
 The *Spartan* Hero's Chariot smok'd along.
 Close up the vent'rous Youth resolves to keep,
 Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the Steep.
Atrides, trembling casts his Eye below,
 505 And wonders at the Rashness of his Foe.
 Hold, stay your Steeds---What Madness thus to ride?
 This narrow way? Take larger Field (he cry'd)
 Or both must fall---*Atrides* cry'd in vain;
 He flies more fast, and throws up all the Rein.
 510 Far as an able Arm the Disk can send,
 When youthful Rivals their full Force extend,
 So far *Antilochus*! thy Chariot flew
 Before the King: He, cautious, backward drew
 His Horse compell'd; foreboding in his Fears
 515 The rattling Ruin of the clashing Cars,

The flound'ring Courfers rolling on the Plain,
And Conquest lost thro' frantick Haste to gain.

But thus upbraids his Rival as he flies;

Go, furious Youth! ungen'rous and unwise!

Go, but expect not I'll the Prize resign;

520

Add Perjury to Fraud, and make it thine.----

Then to his Steeds with all his Force he cries;

Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the Prize!

Your Rivals, destitute of youthful Force,

With fainting Knees shall labour in the Course,

525

And yield the Glory yours----The Steeds obey;

Already at their Heels they wing their Way,

And seem already to retrieve the Day.

Meantime the *Grecians* in a Ring beheld

The Courfers bounding o'er the dusty Field.

530

The first who markd them was the *Cretan* King;

High on a rising Ground, above the Ring,

The Monarch fate; from whence with sure survey

He well observ'd the Chief who led the way,

And heard from far his animating Cries,

535

And saw the foremost Steed with sharpen'd Eyes;

On whose broad Front a Blaze of shining white,
Like the full Moon, stood obvious to the Sight.
He saw; and rising, to the *Greeks* begun.

540 Are yonder Horse discern'd by me alone?

Or can ye, all, another Chief survey,
And other Steeds, than lately led the Way?

Those, tho' the swiftest, by some God with-held,
Lie sure disabled in the middle Field:

545 For since the Goal they doubled, round the Plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.

Perchance the Reins forsook the Driver's Hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the Strand,
Shot from the Chariot; while his Coursers stray

550 With frantick Fury from the destin'd Way.

Rise then some other, and inform my Sight,
(For these dim Eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
Yet sure he seems, (to judge by Shape and Air,)
The great *Ætolian* Chief, renown'd in War.

555 Old Man! (*Oileus* rashly thus replies)

Thy Tongue too hastily confers the Prize.
Of those who view the Course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.

Eumelus

Eumelus' Steeds high-bounding in the Chace,
 Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the Race,
 I well discern him, as he shakes the Rein,
 And hear his Shouts victorious o'er the Plain.

560

Thus he. *Idomeneus* incens'd rejoin'd:
 Barb'rous of Words! and arrogant of Mind!
 Contentious Prince! of all the *Greeks* beside
 The last in Merit, as the first in Pride.
 To vile Reproach what Answer can we make?
 A Goblet or a Tripod let us stake,
 And be the King the Judge. The most unwise
 Will learn their Rashness, when they pay the Price.

565

570

He said: and *Ajax* by mad Passion born,
 Stern had reply'd; fierce Scorn inhancing Scorn
 To fell extreams. But *Thetis*' god-like Son,
 Awful, amidst them rose; and thus begun.

Forbear ye Chiefs! reproachful to contend;
 Much would ye blame, should others thus offend:
 And lo! th'approaching Steeds your Contest end.
 No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near
 Drives, thro' a Stream of Dust, the Charioteer;

575

High

580 High o'er his Head the circling Lash he wields;
 His bounding Horses scarcely touch the Fields:
 His Car amidst the dusty Whirlwind roll'd,
 Bright with the mingled Blaze of Tin and Gold,
 Refulgent thro' the Cloud, no Eye could find

585 The Track his flying Wheels had left behind:
 And the fierce Coursers urg'd their rapid Pace
 So swift, it seem'd a Flight, and not a Race.
 Now Victor at the Goal *Tydidēs* stands,
 Quits his bright Car, and springs upon the Sands;

590 From the hot Steeds the sweaty Torrents stream;
 The well-ply'd Whip is hung athwart the Beam;
 With Joy brave *Sthenelus* receives the Prize,
 The Tripod-Vase, and Dame with radiant Eyes:
 These to the Ships his Train triumphant leads,

595 The Chief himself unyokes the panting Steeds.
 Young *Nestor* follows (who by Art, not Force,
 O'er-past *Atrides*) second in the Course.

Behind, *Atrides* urg'd the Race, or more near
 Than to the Courser in his swift Career

600 The following Car, just touching with his Heel
 And brushing with his Tail the whirling Wheel.

Such, and so narrow now the Space between
The Rivals, late so distant on the Green.
So soon swift *Æthe* her lost Ground regain'd,
One Length, one Moment had the Race obtain'd. 605

Merion pursu'd, at greater Distance still,
With tardier Courfers, and inferior Skill.

Last came, *Admetus*! thy unhappy Son;
Slow dragg'd the Steeds his batter'd Chariot on: }
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun. } 610

Behold! the Man whose matchless Art surpass
The Sons of *Greece*! the ablest, yet the last!
Fortune denies, but Justice bids us pay
(Since great *Tydidēs* bears the first away) }
To him the second Honours of the Day. } 615

The *Greeks* consent with loud applauding Cries,
And then *Eumelus* had receiv'd the Prize,
But youthful *Nestor*, jealous of his Fame,
Th'Award opposes, and asserts his Claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign 620
O *Peleus* Son! the Mare so justly mine.
What if the Gods, the Skilful to confound,
Have thrown the Horse and Horseman to the Ground?

Perhaps he sought not Heav'n by Sacrifice,
 625 And Vows omitted forfeited the Prize.
 If yet (Distinction to thy Friend to show,
 And please a Soul, desirous to bestow,)
 Some Gift must grace *Eumelus*; view thy Store
 Of beauteous Handmaids, Steeds, and shining Ore,
 630 An ample Present let him thence receive,
 And *Greece* shall praise thy gen'rous Thirst to give.
 But this, my Prize, I never shall forego;
 This, who but touches, Warriors! is my Foe.

Thus spake the Youth, nor did his Words offend;
 635 Pleas'd with the well turn'd Flattery of a Friend,
Achilles smil'd: The Gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we shall our self provide.
 With Plates of Brass the Corselet cover'd o'er,
 (The same renown'd *Asteropæus* wore)
 640 Whose glitt'ring Margins rais'd with Silver shine;
 No vulgar Gift) *Eumelus*, shall be thine.

He said: *Automedon* at his Command
 The Corselet brought, and gave it to his Hand.
 Distinguish'd by his Friend, his Bosom glows
 645 With gen'rous Joy: Then *Menelaus* rose;

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 91

The Herald plac'd the Sceptre in his Hands,
And still'd the Clamour of the shouting Bands.
Not without Cause incens'd at *Nestor's* Son,
And inly grieving, thus the King begun:

The Praise of Wisdom, in thy Youth obtain'd,⁶⁵⁰
An Act so rash (*Antilochus*) has stain'd.
Robb'd of my Glory and my just Reward,
To you O *Grecians*! be my Wrong declar'd:
So not a Leader shall our Conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a Rival's Fame.⁶⁵⁵
But shall not we, ourselves, the Truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a Fact so plain?
What *Greek* shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by Oath th' ill-gotten Prize.
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy Chariot stand,⁶⁶⁰
The driving Scourge high-lifted in thy Hand,
And touch thy Steeds, and swear, thy whole Intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whose liquid Arms surround
The Globe, and whose dread Earthquakes heave the Ground.

The prudent Chief with calm Attention heard;⁶⁶⁶
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if Youth have err'd;

Sup-

Superior as thou art, forgive th'Offence,
Nor I thy Equal, or in Years, or Sense.

⁶⁷⁰Thou know'st the Errors of unripen'd Age,
Weak are its Counfels, headlong is its Rage.
The Prize I quit, if thou thy Wrath resign;
The Mare, or ought thou ask'st, be freely thine,
E'er I become (from thy dear Friendship torn)
⁶⁷⁵Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

So spoke *Antilochus*; and at the Word
The Mare contested to the King restor'd.
Joy swells his Soul, as when the vernal Grain
Lifts the green Ear above the springing Plain,
⁶⁸⁰The Fields their Vegetable Life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the Morning Dew:
Such Joy the *Spartan's* shining Face o'erspread,
And lifted his gay Heart, while thus he said.

Still may our Souls, O gen'rous Youth! agree,
⁶⁸⁵'Tis now *Atrides*' turn to yield to thee.

Rash Heat perhaps a Moment might controul,
Not break, the settled Temper of thy Soul.
Not but (my Friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To wave Contention with superior Sway;

For ah! how few, who should like thee offend, 690
Like thee, have Talents to regain the Friend?
To plead Indulgence and thy Fault attone,
Suffice thy Father's Merits, and thy own:
Gen'rous alike, for me, the Sire and Son
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done. 695
I yield; that all may know, my Soul can bend,
Nor is my Pride preferr'd before my Friend.

He said; and pleas'd his Passion to command,
Resign'd the Courser to *Noëmon's* Hand,
Friend of the youthful Chief: Himself content, 700
The shining Charger to his Vessel sent.
The golden Talents *Merion* next obtain'd;
The fifth Reward, the double Bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend *Nestor* bears,
And thus the purpose of his Gift declares. 705

Accept thou this, O sacred Sire! (he said)
In dear Memorial of *Patroclus* dead;
Dead, and for ever lost *Patroclus* lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring Eyes!
Take thou this Token of a grateful Heart, 710
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant Dart,

The Quoit to tofs, the pond'rous Mace to wield,
Or urge the Race, or wrestle on the Field.

Thy present Vigour Age has overthrown,

715 But left the Glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the Goblet at his side;

With Joy, the venerable King reply'd.

Wisely and well, my Son, thy Words have prov'd
A Senior honour'd, and a Friend belov'd!

720 Too true it is, deserted of my Strength,

These wither'd Arms and Limbs have fail'd at length.

Oh! had I now that Force I felt of yore,

Known thro' *Buprasium* and the *Pylian* Shore!

Victorious then in ev'ry solemn Game

725 Ordain'd to *Amarynces*' mighty Name;

The brave *Epeians* gave my Glory way,

Aetolians, *Pylians*, all resign'd the Day.

I quell'd *Clytomedes* in Fights of Hand,

And backward hurl'd *Ancaeus* on the Sand,

730 Surpass *Iphyclus* in the swift Career,

Phyleus and *Polydorus*, with the Spear.

The Sons of *Actor* won the Prize of Horse,

But won by Numbers, not by Art or Force:

For the fam'd Twins, impatient to survey
Prize after Prize by *Nestor* born away, 735
Sprung to their Car; and with united Pains
One lash'd the Coursers, while one rul'd the Reins.
Such once I was! Now to these Tasks succeeds
A younger Race, that emulate our Deeds:
I yield alas! (to Age who must not yield?) 740
Tho' once the foremost Hero of the Field.
Go thou, my Son! by gen'rous Friendship led,
With martial Honours decorate the Dead;
While pleas'd I take the Gift thy Hands present,
(Pledge of Benevolence, and kind Intent) 745
Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous *Greeks*, to see
Not one but honours sacred Age and me:
Those due distinctions thou so well can'st pay,
May the just Gods return another Day.

Proud of the Gift, thus spake the Full of Days: 750
Achilles heard him, prouder of the Praise.

The Prizes next are order'd to the Field
For the bold Champions who the *Cæstus* wield.
A stately Mule, as yet by Toils unbroke,
Of six years Age, unconscious of the Yoke, 755

Is

For

Is to the *Circus* led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a Goblet, massy, large and round.

Achilles rising, thus: Let *Greece* excite

Two Heroes equal to this hardy Fight;

760 Who dares his Foe with lifted Arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending Stroke?

On whom *Apollo* shall the Palm bestow,

And whom the *Greeks* supreme by Conquest know,

This Mule his dauntless Labours shall repay;

765 The Vanquish'd bear the massy Bowl away.

This dreadful Combate great *Epæus* chose,

High o'er the Crowd, enormous Bulk! he rose,

And seiz'd the Beast, and thus began to say:

Stand forth some Man, to bear the Bowl away!

770 (Price of his Ruin:) For who dares deny

This Mule my right? th'undoubted Victor I.

Others 'tis own'd, in Fields of Battle shine,

But the first Honours of this Fight are mine;

For who excels in all? Then let my Foe

775 Draw near, but first his certain Fortune know,

Secure, this Hand shall his whole Frame confound,

Mash all his Bones, and all his Body pound:

So let his Friends be nigh, a needful Train
To heave the batter'd Carcase off the Plain.

The Giant spoke; and in a stupid Gaze 780
The Host beheld him, silent with Amaze!

'Twas thou, *Euryalus*! who durst aspire
To meet his Might, and emulate thy Sire,
The great *Mecistheus*; who in Days of yore
In *Theban* Games the noblest Trophy bore, 785

(The Games ordain'd dead *Oedipus* to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the *Cadmæan* Race.

Him great *Tydides* urges to contend,
Warm with the Hopes of Conquest for his Friend,
Officious with the Cincture girds him round; 790

And to his Wrists the Gloves of Death are bound.

Amid the Circle now each Champion stands,

And poises high in Air his Iron Hands;

With clashing Gantlets now they fiercely close, }
Their crackling Jaws re-echoe to the Blows, } 795
And painful Sweat from all their Members flows. }

At length *Epæus* dealt a weighty Blow

Full on the Cheek of his unwary Foe;

Beneath that pond'rous Arm's resistless Sway
800 Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large Fish, when Winds and Waters roar,
By some huge Billow dash'd against the Shore,
Lies panting: Not less batter'd with his Wound,
The bleeding Hero pants upon the Ground.
805 To rear his fallen Foe, the Victor lends
Scornful, his Hand; and gives him to his Friends;
Whose Arms support him, reeling thro' the Throng,
And dragging his disabled Legs along;
Nodding, his Head hangs down his Shoulder o'er;
810 His Mouth and Nostrils pour the clotted Gore;
Wrapt round in Mists he lies, and lost to Thought:
His Friends receive the Bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold Game *Achilles* next demands,
And calls the Wrestlers to the level Sands:
815 A massy Tripod for the Victor lies,
Of twice six Oxen its reputed Price;
And next, the Losers Spirits to restore,
A female Captive, valu'd but at four.
Scarce did the Chief the vig'rous Strife propose,
820 When tow'r-like *Ajax* and *Ulysses* rose.

Amid

Amid the Ring each nervous Rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit Hands:
Close lock'd above, their Heads and Arms are mixt ;
Below, their planted Feet at distance fixt:
Like two strong Rafters which the Builder forms 825
Proof to the wintry Winds and howling Storms,
Their Tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on the Center stands their solid Base.
Now to the Grasp each manly Body bends;
The humid Sweat from ev'ry Pore descends; 830
Their Bones resound with Blows: Sides, Shoulders, Thighs
Swell to each Gripe, and bloody Tumours rise.
Nor could *Ulysses*, for his Art renown'd,
O'erturn the Strength of *Ajax* on the Ground ;
Nor could the Strength of *Ajax* overthrow 835
The watchful Caution of his artful Foe.
While the long Strife ev'n tir'd the Lookers-on,
Thus to *Ulysses* spoke great *Telamon*.
Or let me lift thee, Chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our Force, and *Jove* the rest decree. 840

He said; and straining, heav'd him off the Ground
With matchless Strength; that time *Ulysses* found
The

The Strength t'evade, and where the Nerves combine,
His Ankle strook: The Giant fell supine:

⁸⁴⁵ *Ulysses* following, on his Bosom lies;

Shouts of Applause run rattling thro the Skies.

Ajax to lift, *Ulysses* next essays,

He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:

His Knee lock'd fast the Foe's Attempt deny'd;

⁸⁵⁰ And grappling close, they tumble side by side.

Defil'd with honourable Dust, they roll,

Still breathing Strife, and unsubdu'd of Soul:

Again they rage, again to Combat rise;

When great *Achilles* thus divides the Prize.

⁸⁵⁵ Your noble Vigour, oh my Friends restrain;

Nor weary out your gen'rous Strength in vain.

Ye both have won: Let others who excell

Now prove that Prowess you have prov'd so well

The Hero's Words the willing Chiefs obey,

⁸⁶⁰ From their tir'd Bodies wipe the Dust away,

And, cloth'd anew, the following Games survey.

And now succeed the Gifts, ordain'd to grace

The Youths contending in the rapid Race.

A silver Urn; that full six Measures held,
 By none in Weight or Workmanship excell'd: 865
Sidonian Artists taught the Frame to shine,
 Elaborate, with Artifice divine;
 Whence *Tyrian* Sailors did the Prize transport,
 And gave to *Thoas* at the *Lemnian* Port:
 From him descended good *Eunæus* heir'd
 The glorious Gift; and, for *Lycaon* spar'd, 870
 To brave *Patroclus* gave the rich Reward.
 Now, the same Hero's Funeral Rites to grace,
 It stands the Prize of Swiftnefs in the Race.

A well-fed Ox was for the second plac'd; 875
 And half a Talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the Train:
 Who hopes the Palm of Swiftnefs to obtain,
 Stand forth, and bear these Prizes from the Plain. 880

The Hero said, and starting from his Place
Oilean Ajax rises to the Race;
Ulysses next; and he whose Speed surpass
 His youthful Equals, *Nestor's* Son the last.
 Rang'd in a Line the ready Racers stand;
Pelides points the Barrier with his Hand; 885

All start at once; *Oileus* led the Race;
 The next *Ulysses*, meas'ring Pace with Pace;
 Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
 As closely following as the running Thread
 890 The Spindle follows, and displays the Charms
 Of the fair Spinster's Breast, and moving Arms:
 Graceful in Motion thus, his Foe he plies,
 And treads each Footstep e'er the Dust can rise:
 His glowing Breath upon his Shoulders plays;
 895 Th'admiring *Greeks* loud Acclamations raise,
 To him they give their Wishes, Hearts, and Eyes,
 And send their Souls before him as he flies.
 Now three times turn'd in prospect of the Goal,
 The panting Chief to *Pallas* lifts his Soul:
 900 Assist O Goddess! (thus in Thought he pray'd)
 And present at his Thought, descends the Maid.
 Buoy'd by her heav'nly Force, he seems to swim,
 And feels a Pinion lifting ev'ry Limb.
 All fierce, and ready now the Prize to gain,
 905 Unhappy *Ajax* stumbles on the Plain;
 (O'erturn'd by *Pallas*) where the slipp'ry Shore
 Was clogg'd with slimy Dung, and mingled Gore.

(The

(The self-same Place beside *Patroclus*' Pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd Victims fed the Fire)
Besmear'd with Filth, and blotted o'er with Clay,⁹¹⁰
Obscene to sight, the ruefull Racer lay;
The well-fed Bull (the second Prize) he shar'd,
And left the Urn *Ulysses*' rich Reward.
Then, grasping by the Horn the mighty Beast,
The baffled Hero thus the *Greeks* address. ⁹¹⁵

Accursed Fate! the Conquest I forego;
A Mortal I, a Goddess was my Foe:
She urg'd her Fav'rite on the rapid Way,
And *Pallas*, not *Ulysses* won the Day.

Thus sow'rly wail'd he, sputt'ring Dirt and Gore;⁹²⁰
A burst of Laughter echo'd thro' the Shore.
Antilochus, more hum'rous than the rest,
Takes the last Prize, and takes it with a Jest.

Why with our wiser Elders should we strive?
The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.⁹²⁵
Ye see, to *Ajax* I must yield the Prize;
He to *Ulysses*, still more ag'd and wise;
(A green old Age unconscious of Decays,
That proves the Hero born in better Days!)

Behold

Behold his Vigor in this active Race!

Achilles only boasts a swifter Pace:

For who can match *Achilles*? He who can,
Must yet be more than Hero, or than Man.

935 Th'Effect succeeds the Speech. *Pelides* cries,
Thy artful Praise deserves a better Prize.

Nor *Greece* in vain shall hear thy Friend extoll'd;
Receive a Talent of the purest Gold.

The Youth departs content. The Hosts admire
940 The Son of *Nestor*, worthy of his Sire.

Next these a Buckler, Spear and Helm, he brings,
Cast on the Plain the brazen Burthen rings:

Arms, which of late divine *Sarpedon* wore,
And great *Patroclus* in short Triumph bore.

945 Stand forth the bravest of our Host! (he cries)
Whoever dares deserve so rich a Prize!

Now grace the Lifts before our Army's Sight,
And sheath'd in Steel, provoke his Foe to fight.

Who first the jointed Armour shall explore,
950 And stain his Rival's Mail with issuing Gore;

The Sword, *Asteropus* possess'd of old,
(A *Thracian* Blade, distinct with Studs of Gold)

Shall

Shall pay the Stroke, and grace the Striker's Side:
These Arms in common let the Chief divide:
For each brave Champion, when the Combat ends,⁹⁵⁵
A sumptuous Banquet at our Tent attends.

Fierce, at the Word, uprose great *Tydeus'* Son,
And the huge Bulk of *Ajax Telamon*.
Clad in refulgent Steel on either hand,
The dreadful Chiefs amid the Circle stand: ⁹⁶⁰
Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the Sight;
Each *Argive* Bosom beats with fierce Delight.
Oppos'd in Arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the Charge renew'd.
A furious Pass the Spear of *Ajax* made ⁹⁶⁵
Thro' the broad Shield, but at the Corselet stay'd:
Not thus the Foe: His Jav'lin aim'd above
The Buckler's Margin, at the Neck he drove.
But *Greece* now trembling for her Hero's Life;
Bade share the Honours, and surcease the Strife. ⁹⁷⁰
Yet still the Victor's Due *Tydidēs* gains,
With him the Sword and studded Belt remains.

Then hurl'd the Hero, thund'ring on the Ground
A Mass of Iron, (an enormous Round)

E e

Whose

975 Whose Weight and Size the circling *Greeks* admire,
Rude from the Furnace, and but shap'd by Fire.

This mighty Quoit *Aëtion* wont to rear,
And from his whirling Arm dismiss in Air:
The Giant by *Achilles* slain, he stow'd

980 Among his Spoils this memorable Load.

For this, he bids those nervous Artists vie,
That teach the Disk to sound along the Sky.
Let him whose Might can hurl this Bowl, arise,
Who farthest hurls it, take it as his Prize:

985 If he be one, enrich'd with large Domain
Of Downs for Flocks, and Arable for Grain,
Small Stock of Iron needs that Man provide;
His Hinds and Swains whole years shall be supply'd
From hence: Nor ask the neighb'ring City's Aid,

990 For Plowshares, Wheels, and all the rural Trade.

Stern *Polyphætès* stept before the Throng,
And great *Leonteus*, more than mortal strong;
Whose Force with rival Forces to oppose,
Uprose great *Ajax*; up *Epæus* rose.

995 Each stood in order: First *Epæus* threw;

High o'er the wond'ring Crowds the whirling Circle flew

Leonteus

Leonteus next a little space furpast,
 And third, the Strength of god-like *Ajax* cast.
 O'er both their Marks it flew; till fiercely flung
 From *Polypætes* Arm, the *Discus* fung: 1000
 Far, as a Swain his whirling Shephook throws,
 That distant falls among the grazing Cows,
 So past them all the rapid Circle flies:
 His Friends (while loud Applauses shake the Skies) }
 With Force conjoin'd heave off the weighty Prize. } 1005

Those, who in skilful Archery contend
 He next invites the twanging Bow to bend:
 And twice ten Axes casts amidst the Round,
 (Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.)
 The Mast, which late a first-rate Galley bore, 1010
 The Hero fixes in the sandy Shore:
 To the tall Top a milk-white Dove they tye,
 The trembling Mark at which their Arrows fly.
 Whose Weapon strikes yon' flutt'ring Bird, shall bear
 These two-edg'd Axes, terrible in War; 1015
 The single, he, whose Shaft divides the Cord.
 He said: Experienc'd *Merion* took the Word;

And

And skilful *Teucer* : In the Helm they threw
Their Lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
1020 Swift from the String the founding Arrow flies;
But flies unblest ! No grateful Sacrifice,
No firstling Lambs, unheedful ! didst thou vow,
To *Phæbus*, Patron of the Shaft and Bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd Arrow, turn'd aside,
1025 Err'd from the Dove, yet cut the Cord that ty'd:
A-down the Main-mast fell the parted String,
And the free Bird to Heav'n displays her Wing:
Seas, Shores, and Skies with loud Applause resound,
And *Merion* eager meditates the Wound ;
1030 He takes the Bow, directs the Shaft above,
And following with his Eye the soaring Dove,
Implores the God to speed it thro' the Skies,
With Vows of firstling Lambs, and grateful Sacrifice.
The Dove, in airy Circles as she wheels,
1035 Amid the Clouds the piercing Arrow feels ;
Quite thro' and thro' the Point its Passage found,
And at his Feet fell bloody to the Ground.
The wounded Bird, e'er yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging Wings alighted on the Mast,

A Moment

BOOK XXIII. HOMER's ILLIAD. 109

A Moment hung, and spread her Pinions there, 1040
Then sudden dropt, and left her Life in Air;
From the pleas'd Crowd new Peals of Thunder rise,
And to the Ships brave *Merion* bears the Prize.

To close the Fun'ral Games, *Achilles* last
A massy Spear amid the Circle plac'd, 1045
And ample Charger of unfullyed Frame,
With Flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by Flame.
For these he bids the Heroes prove their Art
Whose dext'rous Skill directs the flying Dart.
Here too great *Merion* hopes the noble Prize; 1050
Nor here disdain'd the King of Men to rise.
With Joy *Pelides* saw the Honour paid,
Rose to the Monarch and respectful said.

Thee first in Virtue, as in Pow'r supreme,
O King of Nations! all thy *Greeks* proclaim; 1055
In ev'ry martial Game thy Worth attest,
And know thee both their Greatest, and their Best.
Take then the Prize, but let brave *Merion* bear
This beamy Jav'lin in thy Brother's War.

Pleas'd from the Hero's Lips his Praise to hear,
 The King to *Merion* gives the brazen Spear:
 1060 But, set apart for sacred Use, commands
 The glitt'ring Charger to *Talthybius*' Hands.

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Twenty-Third Book.

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THE HUMAN MIND Book XXIII

THE HUMAN MIND
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THE HUMAN MIND

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Twenty-Third Book

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

I.

THIS, and the following Book, which contain the Description of the Funeral of *Patroclus*, and other Matters relating to *Hector*, are undoubtedly superadded to the grand Catastrophe of the Poem; for the Story is completely finish'd with the Death of that Hero in the 22^d Book. Many judicious Criticks have been of opinion that *Homer* is blameable for protracting it. *Virgil* closes the whole Scene of Action with the Death of *Turnus*, and leaves the rest to be imagin'd by the Mind of the Reader: He does not draw the Picture at full Length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole Draught. There is however one thing to be said in favour of *Homer* which may perhaps justify him in his Method, that what he undertook was to paint the *Anger* of *Achilles*: And as that Anger does not die with *Hector*, but persecutes his very remains, so the Poet still keeps up to his Subject; nay it seems to require that he should carry down the Relation of that Resentment, which is the Foundation of his Poem, till it is fully satisfy'd: And as this survives *Hector*, and gives the Poet an Opportunity of still shewing many sad Effects of *Achilles's* Anger, the two following Books may be thought not to be Excrescencies, but essential to the Poem.

Virgil had been inexcusable had he trod in *Homer's* Footsteps; for it is evident that the Fall of *Turnus*, by giving *Aeneas* a full Power over *Italy*, answers the whole Design and Intention of the Poem; had he gone farther he had overshot his Mark: And tho' *Homer* proceeds after *Hector's* Death, yet the Subject is still the Anger of *Achilles*.

We are now past the War and Violence of the *Ilias*, the Scenes of Blood are closed during the rest of the Poem; we may look back with a pleasing kind of Horror upon the Anger of *Achilles*, and see what dire Effects it has wrought in the compass of nineteen Days: *Troy* and *Greece* are both in Mourning for it, Heaven and Earth, Gods and Men, have suffer'd in the Conflict. The Reader seems landed upon the Shore after a violent Storm; and has Leisure to survey the Consequences of the Tempest, and the Wreck occasion'd by the former Commotions, *Troy* weeping for *Hector*, and *Greece* for *Patroclus*. Our Passions have been in an Agitation since the opening of the Poem; wherefore the Poet, like some great Master in Musick, softens his Notes, and melts his Readers into Tendernefs and Pity.

II.

VERSE 18. *Tears bathe their Arms, and tears the Sands bedew,—*
—Thetis aids their Woe—]

It is not easy to give a reason why *Thetis* should be said to excite the Grief of the *Myrmidons*, and of *Achilles*; it had seem'd more natural for the Mother to have compos'd the Sorrows of the Son, and restored his troubled Mind to Tranquillity.

But such a Procedure would have outrag'd the Character of *Achilles*, who is all along describ'd to be of such a Violence of Temper, that he is not easy to be pacify'd at any time, much less upon so great an Incident as the Death of his Friend *Patroclus*. Perhaps the Poet made use of this Fiction in honour of *Achilles*; he makes every Passion of his Hero considerable, his Sorrow as well as Anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddess attends him, and a whole Army weeps.

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Some Commentators fancy'd that *Homer* animates the very Sands of the Seas, and the Arms of the *Myrmidons*, and makes them sensible of the Loss of *Patroclus*; the preceding Words seem to strengthen that Opinion, because the Poet introduces a Goddess to raise the Sorrow of the Army. But *Eustathius* seems not to give into this Conjecture, and I think very judiciously; for what Relation is there between the Sands of the Shores, and the Arms of the *Myrmidons*? It would have been more poetical to have said, the Sands and the Rocks, than the Sands and the Arms; but it is very natural to say, that the Soldiers wept so bitterly, that their Armour and the very Sands were wet with their Tears. I believe this Remark will appear very just by reading the Verse, with a Comma after *τεύχεα*, thus,

Δεύοντο ψάμαθοι, δεύοντο δὲ τεύχεα, Φωίων
δάκρυσι.

Then the Construction will be natural and easy, Period will answer Period in the *Greek*, and the Sense in *English* will be, the Sands were wet, and the Arms were wet, with the Tears of the Mourners.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable Beauty in the run of the Verse in *Homer*, every Word has a melancholy Cadence, and the Poet has not only made the Sands and the Arms, but even his very Verse, to lament with *Achilles*.

III.

VERSE 23. *His slaughter'ring Hands yet red with Blood he laid
On his dead Friend's cold Breast—*]

I could not pass by this Passage without observing to my Reader the great Beauty of this Epithet, *ἀνδροφόνος*. An ordinary Poet would have contented himself with saying, he laid his Hand upon the Breast of *Patroclus*, but *Homer* knows how to raise the most trivial Circumstance, and by adding this one Word, he laid his *deadly* Hands, or his *murderous* Hands on *Patroclus* Breast, he fills our Minds with great Ideas, and
by

by a single Epithet recalls to our Thoughts all the noble Achievements of *Achilles* thro' the *Iliad*.

IV.

VERSE 25. *All hail Patroclus, &c.*] There is in this Apostrophe of *Achilles* to the Ghost of *Patroclus*, a sort of Savageness, and a mixture of Softness and Atrocity, which are highly conformable to his Character. *Dacier*.

V.

VERSE 51. *To cleanse his conqu'ring Hands——*
—The Chief refus'd—]

This is conformable to the Custom of the Orientals: *Achilles* will not be induc'd to wash, and afterwards retires to the Seashore, and sleeps on the Ground. It is just thus that *David* mourns in the Scriptures; he refuses to wash, or to take any Repast, but retires from Company, and lies upon the Earth.

VI.

VERSE 78. *The Ghost of Patroclus.*] *Homer* has introduc'd into the former parts of the Poem the Personages of Gods and Goddesses from Heaven, and of Furies from Hell: He has embellished it with Ornaments from Earth, Sea, and Air; and he here opens a new Scene, and brings to the view a Ghost, the Shade of the departed Friend: By these Methods he diversifies his Poem with new and surprizing Circumstances, and awakens the Attention of the Reader; at the same time he very poetically adapts his Language to the Circumstances of this imaginary *Patroclus*, and teaches us the Opinions that prevail'd in his time, concerning the State of separate Souls.

VII.

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VII.

VERSE 92. *Forbid to pass th'irremeable Flood.*] It was the common Opinion of the Ancients, that the Souls of the Departed were not admitted into the Number of the Happy till their Bodies had receiv'd the funeral Rites; they suppos'd those that wanted them wander'd an hundred Years before they were wafted over the infernal River: *Virgil* perhaps had this Passage of *Homer* in his view in the sixth *Æneis*, at least he coincides with his Sentiments concerning the State of the departed Souls.

*Hæc omnis, quam cernis inops inhumataq; Turba est:
Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
Transportare prius, quàm sedibus ossa quierunt;
Centum errant annos volitantq; hæc littora circum
Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.*

It was during this Interval, between their Death and the Rites of Funeral, that they suppos'd the only Time allow'd for separate Spirits to appear to Men; therefore *Patroclus* here tells his Friend,

— *To the farther Shore
When once we pass, the Soul returns no more.*

For the fuller understanding of *Homer*, it is necessary to be acquainted with his Notion of the State of the Soul after Death: He follow'd the Philosophy of the *Ægyptians*, who suppos'd Man to be compounded of three Parts, an intelligent Mind, a Vehicle for that Mind, and a Body; the Mind they call'd *Φρήν*, or *ψυχή*, the Vehicle *εἰδωλον*, *Image* or *Soul*, and the gross Body *σῶμα*. The Soul, in which the Mind was lodg'd, was suppos'd exactly to resemble the Body in Shape, Magnitude, and Features; for this being in the Body as the Statue in its Mold, so soon as it goes forth is properly the Image of that Body in which it was enclos'd: This it was that appear'd to *Achilles*, with the full Resemblance of his Friend *Patroclus*. *Vid. Dacier on the Life of Pythagoras, p. 71.*

VIII.

VERSE 108. *May mix our Ashes in one common Grave.*] There is something very pathetic in this whole Speech of *Patroclus*; he begins it with kind Reproaches, and blames *Achilles* with a friendly Tenderness; he recounts to him the inseparable Affection that had been between them in their Lives, and makes it his last Request, that they may not be parted even in Death, but that their Bones may rest in the same Urn. The Speech itself is of a due Length, it ought not to be very short, because this Apparition is an Incident entirely different from any other in the whole Poem, and consequently the Reader would not have been satisfy'd with a cursory mention of it; neither ought it to be long, because this would have been contrary to the Nature of such Apparitions, whose Stay upon Earth has ever been describ'd as very short, and consequently they cannot be suppos'd to use many Words.

The Circumstance of being buried in the same Urn, is entirely conformable to the Eastern Custom: There are innumerable Instances in the Scriptures of great Personages being buried with their Fathers: So *Joseph* would not suffer his Bones to rest in *Ægypt*, but commands his Brethren to carry them into *Canaan* to the Burying-place of his Father *Jacob*.

IX.

VERSE 122. *The Form subsists without the Body's Aid, Aerial Semblance, and an empty Shade.*]

The Words of *Homer* are

Ἀτὰρ Φρένες ἔκ' ἐνὶ πάμπαν.

In which there seems to be a great Difficulty; it being not easy to explain how *Achilles* can say that the Ghost of his Friend had no Understanding, when it had but just made such a rational and moving Speech: Especially when the Poet introduces the Apparition with the very Shape, Air, and Voice of *Patroclus*.

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But this Passage will be clearly understood, by explaining the Notion which the Ancients entertain'd of the Souls of the Departed, according to the fore-cited triple Division of *Mind*, *Image*, and *Body*. They imagin'd that the Soul was not only separated from the Body at the Hour of Death, but that there was a farther Separation of the *Φρην*, or Understanding, from its *εἶδωλον*, or Vehicle; so that while the *εἶδωλον*, or Image of the Body, was in Hell, the *Φρην*, or Understanding, might be in Heaven: And that this is a true Explication is evident from a Passage in the *Odysseis*, Book 11. *Ψ*. 600.

Τὸν δὲ μετ', εἰσενόησα βίην, Ἡρακλεΐην
Εἶδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
Τέρεται ἐν θαλάῃς, καὶ ἔχει καλλίσφυρον Ἥην.

*Now I the Strength of Hercules behold,
A tow'ring Spectre of giantick Mold;
A shadowy Form! for high in Heav'n's Abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods!
There in the bright Assemblies of the Skies
He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns with Joys.*

By this it appears that *Homer* was of opinion that *Hercules* was in Heaven, while his *εἶδωλον*, or Image, was in Hell: So that when this second Separation is made, the Image or Vehicle becomes a mere thoughtless Form.

We have this whole Doctrine very distinctly deliver'd by *Plutarch* in these Words. "Man is a compound Subject; but not of two Parts, as is commonly believed, because the *Understanding* is generally accounted a Part of the *Soul*; whereas indeed it as far exceeds the Soul, as the Soul is diviner than the Body. Now the Soul, when compounded with the Understanding, makes Reason, and when compounded with the Body, Passion: Whereof the one is the Source or Principle of Pleasure or Pain, the other of Vice or Virtue. Man therefore properly dies two Deaths; the first Death makes him two of three, and the second makes him one of two." [*Plutarch of the Face in the Moon.*]

VERSE

X.

VERSE 139. O'er Hills, o'er Dales, o'er Rocks, o'er Craggs they go—
On all sides round the Forest hurls her Oaks
Headlong—]

The Numbers in the Original of this whole Passage are admirably adapted to the Images the Verses convey to us. Every Ear must have felt the Propriety of Sound in this Line,

Πολλὰ δ' ἀνανιά, κα' τανῆα, πάρανιά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

That other in its kind is no less exact,

Τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι, ται δὲ μεγάλα κτυπέσσαι
Πίπλον—

Dionysius of Halicarnassus has collected many Instances of these sorts of Beauties in *Homer*. This Description of felling the Forests, so excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few Lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in *Statius*, one of the best (I think) in that Author.

—Cedit ardua fagus,

Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæsa cupressus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta supremis,
Ornique, ilicæque trabes, metuendaque sulco
Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque situ non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, & odoræ vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonsa cacumina terræ
Alnus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus, &c.

I the rather cite this fine Passage, because I find it copied by two of the greatest Poets of our own Nation, *Chaucer* and *Spencer*. The first in the *Assembly of Fowls*, the second in his *Fairy Queen*. lib. 1.

The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, sole King of Forests all,
The Aspine good for Staves, the Cypress Funeral.

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*The Laurel, Meed of mighty Conquerors,
And Poets sage: The Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow, worn of forlorn Paramours,
The Ewe obedient to the Bender's Will,
The Birch for Shafts, the Sallow for the Mill,
The Myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter Wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
The Carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward found.*

XI.

VERSE 158. *Each in resulgent Arms, &c—*
'Tis not to be suppos'd that this was a general Custom used at all Funerals; but *Patroclus* being a Warrior he is buried like a Soldier, with military Honours. *Eustathius*.

XII.

VERSE 164. *O'er all the Corse their scatter'd Locks they throw.*
The Ceremony of cutting off the Hair in honour of the Dead was practis'd not only among the Greeks, but also among other Nations; Thus *Statius Thebaid*. VI.

—*Tergoque & pectore fusam
Cæsariem ferro minuit, sectisque jacentis
Obnubit tenuia ora comis.*

This Custom is taken notice of in holy Scripture: *Ezekiel* describing a great Lamentation, says, *They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee*, ch. 27. V. 31. I believe it was done not only in token of Sorrow, but perhaps had a conceal'd Meaning, that as the Hair was cut from the Head, and was never more to be join'd to it, so was the Dead for ever cut off from the Living, never more to return.

I must just observe that this Ceremony of cutting off the Hair was not always in token of Sorrow; *Lycophron* in his *Cassandra*, V. 976. describing a general Lamentation, says

Κρατὸς δ' ἄκρεος νῶτα καλλύνει Φόβη.

A Length of unshorn Hair adorn'd their Backs.

I i

And

The

And that the Ancients sometimes had their Hair cut off in token of Joy is evident from *Juvenal Sat. 12. W. 82.*

— *Gaudent ibi vertice raso*
Garrula securi narrare pericula Nautæ.

This seeming Contradiction will be solv'd by having respect to the different Practices of different Nations. If it was the general Custom of any Country to wear long Hair, then the cutting it off was a token of Sorrow; but if it was the Custom to wear short Hair, then the letting it grow long and neglecting it, shew'd that such People were Mourners.

XIII.

VERSE 166. *Supporting with his Hands the Hero's Head.] Achilles follows the Corpse as chief Mourner, and sustains the Head of his Friend: This last Circumstance seems to be general; thus Euripides in the Funeral of Rhesus, W. 886.*

Τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς Θεός, ὦ Βασιλεῦ,
Τὸν νεόδμῆλον ἐν χερσὶν
Φοράδην πέμπει;

What God, O King, with his Hands supports the Head of the deceased?

XIV.

VERSE 173. *And sacred grew to Sperchius honour'd Flood.] It was the Custom of the Ancients not only to offer their own Hair, but likewise to consecrate that of their Children to the River-Gods of their Countrey. This is what Pausanias shews in his Attics: Before you pass the Cephisa (says he) you find the Tomb of Theodorus, who was the most excellent Actor of his Time for Tragedy; and on the Banks you see two Statues, one of Mnesimachus, and the other of his Son, who cut off his Hair in honour of the Rivers; for that this was in all Ages*
the

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the Custom of the Greeks, may be inferr'd from Homer's Poetry, where Peleus promises by a solemn Vow to consecrate to the River Sperchius the Hair of his Son, if he returns safe from the Trojan War. This Custom was likewise in Ægypt, where Philostratus tells us, that Memnon consecrated his Hair to the Nile. This Practice of Achilles was imitated by Alexander at the Funeral of Hephæstion. Spondanus.

XV.

VERES 226. *Cœlestial Venus, &c.*] *Homer* has here introduc'd a Series of Allegories in the Compass of a few Lines: The Body of *Hector* may be suppos'd to have continued beautiful even after he was slain; and *Venus* being the President of Beauty, the Poet by a natural Fiction tells us it was preserv'd by that Goddess.

Apollo's covering the Body with a Cloud is a very natural Allegory: For the Sun (says *Eustathius*) has a double Quality which produces contrary Effects; the Heat of it causes a Dryness, but at the same time it exhales the Vapours of the Earth, from whence the Clouds of Heaven are form'd. This Allegory may be founded upon Truth; there might happen to be a cool Season while *Hector* lay unburied, and *Apollo*, or the Sun, raising Clouds which intercept the Heat of his Beams, by a very easy Fiction in Poetry may be introduc'd in Person to preserve the Body of *Hector*.

XVI.

VERSE 261. *The Allegory of the Winds.*] A Poet ought to express nothing vulgarly; and sure no Poet ever trespass'd less against this Rule than *Homer*; the Fruitfulness of his Invention is continually raising Incidents new and surprising. Take this Passage out of its poetical Dress, and it will be no more than this: A strong Gale of Wind blew, and so increased the Flame that it soon consum'd the Pile. But *Homer* introduces the Gods of the Winds in Person: And *Iris*, or the Rainbow, being (as *Eustathius* observes) a Sign not only of

of Showers, but of Winds, he makes them come at her Summons.

Every Circumstance is well adapted: As soon as the Winds see *Iris*, they rise; that is, when the Rainbow appears, the Wind rises: She refuses to sit, and immediately returns; that is, the Rainbow is never seen long at one time, but soon appears, and soon vanishes: She returns over the Ocean; that is, the Bow is compos'd of Waters, and it would have been an unnatural Fiction to have describ'd her as passing by Land.

The Winds are all together in the Cave of *Zephyrus*, which may imply that they were there as at their general Rendezvous; or that the Nature of all the Winds is the same; or that the Western Wind is in that Countrey the most constant, and consequently it may be said that at such Seasons all the Winds are assembled in one Corner, or rendezvous with *Zephyrus*.

Iris will not enter the Cave: It is the Nature of the Rainbow to be stretch'd entirely upon the Surface, and therefore this Fiction is agreeable to Reason.

When *Iris* says that the Gods are partaking Hecatombs in *Æthiopia*, it is to be remember'd that the Gods are represented there in the first Book, before the Scenes of War were open'd, and now they are clos'd, they return thither. *Eustathius*—Thus *Homer* makes the Anger of his Hero so important, that it rous'd Heaven to Arms, and now when it is almost appeas'd, *Achilles* as it were gives Peace to the Gods.

XVII.

VERSE 306. *Hereafter Greece a nobler Pyle shall raise.*] We see how *Achilles* consults his own Glory; the desire of it prevails over his Tenderness for *Patroclus*, and he will not permit any Man, not even his belov'd *Patroclus*, to share an equality of Honour with himself, even in the Grave. *Eustathius*.

XVIII.

XVIII.

VERSE 320. *The Games for Patroclus.*] The Conduct of *Homer* in enlarging upon the Games at the Funeral of *Patroclus* is very judicious: There had undoubtedly been such Honours paid to several Heroes during this War, as appears from a Passage in the ninth Book, where *Agamemnon* to enhance the Value of the Horses which he offers *Achilles*, says, that any Person would be rich that had Treasures equal to the Value of the Prizes they had won; which Races must have been run during the Siege: for had they been before it, the Horses would now have been too old to be of any Value, this being the tenth Year of the War. But he Poet passes all those Games over in Silence, and reserves them for this Season; not only in honour of *Patroclus*, but also of his Hero *Achilles*; who exhibits Games to a whole Army; great Generals are Candidates for the Prizes, and he himself sits the Judge and Arbitrator: Thus in Peace as well as War the Poet maintains the Superiority of the Character of *Achilles*.

But there is another Reason why the Poet deferr'd to relate any Games that were exhibited at any preceding Funerals: The Death of *Patroclus* was the most eminent Period; and consequently the most proper Time for such Games.

'Tis farther observable, that he chuses this peculiar Time with great Judgment. When the Fury of the War rag'd, the Army could not well have found Leisure for the Games, and they might have met with Interruption from the Enemy: But *Hector* being dead, all *Troy* is in Confusion: They are in too great a Consternation to make any Attempts, and therefore the Poet could not possibly have chosen a more happy Opportunity. *Eustathius*.

XIX.

VERSE 347. *Lost is Patroclus now, &c.*] I am not ignorant that *Homer* has frequently been blamed for such little Digressions as these; in this Passage he gives us the

Genealogy of his Horses, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the Poem. But *Eustathius* justifies his Conduct, and says that it was very proper to commend the Virtue of these Horses upon this Occasion, when Horses were to contend for Victory: At the same time he takes an Opportunity to make an honourable Mention of his Friend *Patroclus*, in whose Honour these Games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther Justification of *Homer*, that this last Circumstance is very natural: *Achilles* while he commends his Horses remembers how careful *Patroclus* had been of them: His Love for his Friend is so great, that the minutest Circumstance recalls him to his Mind; and such little Digressions, such Avocations of Thought as these, very naturally proceed from the Overflows of Love and Sorrow.

XX.

VERSE 363. *Whom rich Echepolus, &c.*] One wou'd think that *Agamemnon* might be accus'd of Avarice, in dispensing a Man from going to the War for the sake of a Horse; but *Aristotle* very well observes, that this Prince is praiseworthy for having prefer'd a Horse to a Person so cowardly, and so incapable of Service. It may also be conjectur'd from this Passage, that even in those elder Times it was the Custom, that those who were willing to be excus'd from the War, should give either a Horse or a Man and often both. Thus *Scipio* going to *Africa* order'd the *Sicilians* either to attend him, or to give him Horses or Men: And *Agésilas* being at *Ephesus* and wanting Cavalry, made a Proclamation, that the rich Men who wou'd not serve in the War should be dispens'd with, provided they furnish'd a Man and a Horse in their stead: In which, says *Plutarch*, he wisely follow'd the Example of King *Agamemnon*, who excus'd a very rich Coward from serving in Person, for a Present of a good Mare. *Eustathius*. *Dacier*.

XXI.

XXI.

VERSE 369. *Experienc'd Nestor, &c.*] The Poet omits no Opportunity of paying Honour to his old favourite *Nestor*, and I think he is no where more particularly complemented than in this Book. His Age had disabled him from bearing any share in the Games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere Spectator, but as an Actor in the Sports. Thus he as it were wins the Prize for *Antilochus*, *Antilochus* wins not by the Swiftneſs of his Horſes, but by the Wiſdom of *Nestor*.

This fatherly Tenderneſs is wonderfully natural: We ſee him in all imaginable Inquietude and Concern for his Son; He comes to the Barrier, ſtands beſide the Chariot, animates his Son by his Praises, and directs him by his Leſſons: You think the old Man's Soul mounts on the Chariot with his *Antilochus*, to partake the ſame Dangers, and run the ſame Career.

Nothing can be better adapted to the Character than this Speech; he expatiates upon the Advantages of Wiſdom over Strength, which is a tacit Complement to himſelf: And had there been a Prize for Wiſdom, undoubtedly the old Man would have claim'd it as his Right. *Euſtathius*.

XXII.

VERSE 426. *The Lots their place diſpoſe.*] According to theſe Lots the Charioteers took their Places; but to know whether they ſtood all in an equal Front, or one behind the other, is a Difficulty: *Euſtathius* ſays the Ancients were of Opinion that they did not ſtand in one Front; becauſe it is evident that he who had the firſt Lot had a great Advantage of the other Charioteers: If he had not, why ſhould *Achilles* caſt Lots? Madam *Dacier* is of Opinion that they all ſtood a-breſt at the Barrier, and that the firſt would ſtill have a ſufficient Advantage, as he was nearer the Bound, and ſtood within

within the rest, whereas the others must take a larger Circle, and consequently were forc'd to run a greater Compass of Ground. *Phoenix* was plac'd as an Inspector of the Race, that is, says *Eustathius*, he was to make report whether they had observ'd the Laws of the Race in their several Turnings.

Sophocles observes the same Method with *Homer* in relation to the Lots and Inspectors, in his *Electra*.

—Οἱ τεταγμένοι βραβεῖς
Κλήροις ἔπηλαν καὶ καλέσθησαν διφρον.

The constituted Judges assign'd the Places according to the Lots.

The Ancients say that the Charioteers started at the *Sigæum*, where the Ships of *Achilles* lay, and ran towards the *Rhæteum*, from the Ships towards the Shores. But *Aristarchus* affirm'd that they run in the Compass of Ground of five Stadia, which lay between the Wall and the Tents toward the Shore. *Eustathius*.

XXIII.

VERSE 457. *And seem just mounting on his Car behind.*] A more natural Image than this could not be thought of. The Poet makes us Spectators of the Race, we see *Diomed* pressing upon *Eumelus* so closely, that his Chariot seems to climb the Chariot of *Eumelus*.

XXIV.

VERSE 464. *Rage fills his Eye with Anguish to survey, &c.*] We have seen *Diomed* surrounded with innumerable Dangers, acting in the most perilous Scenes of Blood and Death; yet never shed one Tear: And now he weeps on a small occasion, for a mere Trifle: This must be ascrib'd to the Nature of Mankind, who are often transported with Trifles; and there are certain unguarded Moments in every Man's Life; so that he who could meet the greatest Dangers with Intrepidity, may thro' Anger be betray'd into an Indecency.

Eustathius.

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The reason why *Apollo* is angry at *Diomed*, according to *Eustathius*, is because he was interested for *Eumelus*, whose Mares he had fed, when he serv'd *Admetus*; but I fancy he is under a Mistake: This indeed is a Reason why he should favour *Eumelus*, but not why he should be angry at *Diomed*. I rather think that the Quarrel of *Apollo* with *Diomed* was personal; because he offer'd him a Violence in the first Book, and *Apollo* still resents it.

The Fiction of *Minerva's* assisting *Diomed* is grounded upon his being so wise as to take a couple of Whips to prevent any Mischance: So that *Wisdom*, or *Pallas*, may be said to lend him one. *Eustathius*.

XXV.

VERSE 486. *The Speech of Antilochus to his Horses.*] I fear *Antilochus* his Speech to his Horses is blameable; *Eustathius* himself seems to think it a Fault that he should speak so much in the very Heat of the Race. He commands and soothes, counsels and threatens his Horses, as if they were reasonable Creatures. The subsequent Speech of *Menelaus* is more excusable as it is more short, but both of them are spoken in a Passion, and Anger we know makes us speak to every thing, and we discharge it upon the most senseless Objects.

XXVI.

VERSE 563. *The Dispute between Idomeneus and Ajax.*] Nothing could be more naturally imagin'd than this Contention at a Horse-Race: The Leaders were divided into Parties, and each was interested for his Friend: The Poet had a two-fold Design, not only to embellish and diversify his Poem by such natural Circumstances, but also to shew us, as *Eustathius* observes, from the Conduct of *Ajax*, that passionate Men betray themselves into Follies, and are themselves guilty of the Faults of which they accuse others.

It is with a particular Decency that *Homer* makes *Achilles* the Arbitrator between *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*: *Agamemnon* was

his Superior in the Army, but as *Achilles* exhibited the Shows he was the proper Judge of any Difference that should arise about them; had the Contest been between *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, consider'd as Soldiers, the Cause must have been brought before *Agamemnon*; but as they are to be consider'd as Spectators of the Games, they ought to be determin'd by *Achilles*.

It may not be unnecessary just to observe to the Reader the Judiciousness of *Homer's* Conduct in making *Achilles* exhibit the Games, and not *Agamemnon*: *Achilles* is the Hero of the Poem, and consequently must be the chief Actor in all the great Scenes of it: He had remain'd inactive during a great Part of the Poem, yet the Poet makes his very Inactivity contribute to the carrying on the Design of his *Ilias*: And to supply his Absence from many of the busy Scenes of the preceding Parts of it, he now in the Conclusion makes him almost the sole Agent: By these means he leaves a noble Idea of his Hero upon the Mind of his Reader, and as he rais'd our Expectations when he brought him upon the Stage of Action, so he makes him go off with the utmost Pomp and Applause.

XXVII.

VERSE 580. *High o'er his Head the circling Lash he wields.*] I am persuaded that the common Translation of the Word *καλωμαδόν*, in the Original of this Verse, is faulty: It is render'd, *he lash'd the Horses continually over the Shoulders*; whereas I fancy it should be translated thus, *assidue (Equos) agitabat scuticâ ab humero ductâ*. This naturally expresses the very Action, and whirl of the Whip over the Driver's Shoulder, in the Act of lashing the Horses, and agrees with the Use of the same Word in the 431st Line of this Book, where *ἔφα δ' ἵονες καλωμαδ' ἰοιο* must be translated *factus Disci ab humero vibrati*.

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XXVIII.

VERSE 613. *Fortune denies, but Justice, &c.*] *Achilles* here intends to shew, that it is not just *Fortune* should rule over *Virtue*, but that a brave Man who had perform'd his Duty, and who did not bring upon himself his Misfortune, ought to have the Recompence he has deserv'd: And this Principle is just, provided we do not reward him at the Expence of another's Right: *Eumelus* is a *Theffalian*, and it is probable *Achilles* has a Partiality to his Countryman. *Dacier*.

XXIX.

VERSE 632. *But this, my Prize, I never shall forego—* There is an Air of Bravery in this Discourse of *Antilochus*: He speaks with the Generosity of a gallant Soldier, and prefers his Honour to his Interest; he tells *Achilles* if he pleases he may make *Eumelus* a richer Present than his Prize; he is not concern'd for the Value of it, but as it was the Reward of Victory, he would not resign it, because that would be an Acknowledgment that *Eumelus* deserv'd it.

The Character of *Antilochus* is admirably sustain'd thro' this whole Episode; he is a very sensible Man, but transported with youthful Heat, and ambitious of Glory: His Rashness in driving so furiously against *Menelaus* must be imputed to this; but his Passions being gratify'd by the Conquest in the Race, his Reason again returns, he owns his Error, and is full of Resignation to *Menelaus*.

XXX.

VERSE 662. *And touch the Steeds, and swear—*] 'Tis evident, says *Eustathius*, from hence, that all Fraud was forbid in the Chariot-Race; but it is not very plain what unlawful Deceit *Antilochus* used against *Menelaus*; perhaps *Antilochus* in his Haste had declin'd from the Race-Ground, and

and avoided some of the uneven Places of it, and consequently took an unfair Advantage of his Adversary; or perhaps his driving so furiously against *Menelaus* as to endanger both their Chariots and their Lives, might be reckon'd foul play; and therefore *Antilochus* refuses to take the Oath.

XXXI.

VERSE 678. *Joy swells his Soul, as when the vernal Grain, &c.*] *Eustathius* is very large in the Explication of this Similitude, which at the first view seems obscure: His Words are these

As the Dew raises the Blades of Corn, that are for want of it weak and depressed, and by pervading the Pores of the Corn animates and makes it flourish, so did the Behaviour of *Antilochus* raise the dejected Mind of *Menelaus*, exalt his Spirits, and restore him to a full Satisfaction.

I have given the Reader his Interpretation, and translated it with the Liberty of Poetry: It is very much in the Language of Scripture, and in the Spirit of the Orientals.

XXXII.

VERSE 706. *Accept thou this, O sacred Sire!*] The Poet in my Opinion preserves a great deal of Decency towards this old Hero, and venerable Counsellour: He gives him an honorary Reward for his superior Wisdom, and therefore *Achilles* calls it *ἀσθλον*, and not *δῶρον*, a Prize, and not a Present. The Moral of *Homer* is, that Princes ought no less to honour and recompense those who excel in Wisdom and Counsel, than those who are capable of actual Service.

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this Respect, not only out of Deference to his Age, and Wisdom, but also because he had, in a manner, won the Prize by the Advice he gave his Son: So that *Nestor* may be said to have conquer'd in the Person of *Antilochus*. *Eustathius*.

XXXIII.

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XXXIII.

VERSE 718. Nestor's Speech to Achilles.] This Speech is admirably well adapted to the Character of *Nestor*: He aggrandizes, with an Infirmary peculiar to Age, his own Exploits; and one would think *Horace* had him in his Eye,

———*Laudatur temporis æti*
Se puero———

Neither is it any Blemish to the Character of *Nestor* thus to be a little talkative about his own Atchievements: To have describ'd him otherwise would have been an Outrage to human Nature, in as much as the wisest Man living is not free from the Infirmities of Man: and as every Stage of Life has some Imperfection peculiar to it self.

———Ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευεν,
———Ἐμπεδον ἡνιόχευ.

The Reader may observe that the old Man takes abundance of pains to give Reasons how his Rivals came to be Victors in the Chariot-Race: He is very solicitous to make it appear that it was not thro' any want of Skill or Power in himself: And in my Opinion *Nestor* is never more vainglorious than in this recital of his own Disappointment.

It is for the same reason he repeats the Words I have cited above: He obtrudes (by that Repetition) the Disadvantages under which he labour'd, upon the Observation of the Reader, for fear he should impute the Loss of the Victory to his want of Skill.

Nestor says that these *Moliones* overpower'd him by their Number. The Criticks, as *Eusebius* remarks, have labour'd hard to explain this Difficulty; they tell us a formal Story, that when *Nestor* was ready to enter the Lists against these Brothers, he objected against them as unfair Adversaries, (for it must be remember'd that they were Monsters that grew together, and consequently had four Hands to *Nestor's* two)

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but

but the Judges would not allow his plea, but determin'd, that as they grew together so they ought to be consider'd as one Man.

Others tell us, that they brought several Chariots into the Lifts, whose Charioteers combin'd together in favour of *Eurytus* and *Cteatus*, these brother-Monsters.

Others say, that the Multitude of the Spectators conspir'd to disappoint *Nestor*.

I thought it necessary to give my Reader these several Conjectures; that he might understand why *Nestor* says he was overpower'd by *πλῆθει*, or *Numbers*; and also, because it confirms my former Observation, that *Nestor* is very careful to draw his own Picture in the strongest Colours, and to shew it in the fairest Light.

XXXIV.

VERSE 820. *A female Captive valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in Civility neglect a Remark made upon this Passage by Madam *Dacier*, who highly resents the Affront put upon her Sex by the Ancients, who set (it seems) thrice the Value upon a *Tripod* as upon a beautiful female Slave: Nay, she is afraid the Value of Women is not rais'd even in our Days; for she says there are curious Persons now living who had rather have a true antique Kettle, than the finest Woman alive: I confess I entirely agree with the Lady, and must impute such Opinions of the fair Sex to want of Taste in both Ancients and Moderns: The Reader may remember that these Tripods were of no use, but made entirely for Show, and consequently the most satyrical Critick could only say, the Woman and Tripod ought to have born an equal Value.

XXXV.

VERSE 827. *Like two strong Raspers, &c.*] I will give the Reader the Words of *Eustathius* upon this Similitude, which very happily represents the Wrestlers in the Posture of Wrestling. Their Heads lean'd one against the other,
like

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like the Rafter's that support the Roof of a House; at the Foot they are disjoin'd, and stand at a greater Distance, which naturally paints the Attitude of Body in these two Wrestlers, while they contend for Victory.

XXXVI.

VERSE 850. *He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise.]*
The Poet by this Circumstance excellently maintains the Character of *Ajax*, who has all along been describ'd as a strong, unweildy Warrior: He is so heavy that *Ulysses* can scarce lift him. The Words that follow will bear a different Meaning, either that *Ajax* lock'd his Leg within that of *Ulysses*, or that *Ulysses* did it. *Eustathius* observes, that if *Ajax* gave *Ulysses* this Shock, then he may be allow'd to have some appearance of an Equality in the Contest, but if *Ulysses* gave it, then *Ajax* must be acknowledg'd to have been foil'd: But (continues he) it appear'd to be otherwise to *Achilles*, who was the Judge of the Field, and therefore he gives them an equal Prize, because they were equal in the Contest.

Madam *Dacier* misrepresents *Eustathius* on this Place, in saying he thinks it was *Ulysses* who gave this second Stroke to *Ajax*, whereas it appears by the foregoing Note that he rather determines otherwise in consent with the Judgment given by *Achilles*.

XXXVII.

VERSE 902. *Assist O Goddess! (thus in Thought he pray'd)]*
Nothing could be better adapted to the present Circumstance of *Ulysses* than this Prayer: It is short, and ought to be so, because the Time would not allow him to make a longer; nay he prefers this Petition mentally, *ὃν κατὰ θυμόν*; all his Faculties are so bent upon the Race, that he does not call off his Attention from it, even to speak so short a Petition as seven Words, which comprehend the whole of it: Such Passages

Passages as these are Instances of great Judgment in the Poet.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 926. *And takes it with a Jest.*] *Antilochus* comes off very well, and wittily prevents Raillery; by attributing the Victory of his Rivals to the Protection which the Gods gave to Age. By this he insinuates, that he has something to comfort himself with; (for Youth is better than the Prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the same Protection, since 'tis a Privilege of Seniority. *Dacier.*

XXXIX.

VERSE 935. *For who can match Achilles?*] There is great Art in these transient Complements to *Achilles*: That *Hero* could not possibly shew his own Superiority in these Games by contending for any of the Prizes, because he was the Exhibiter of the Sports: But *Homer* has found out a way to give him the Victory in two of them. In the Chariot-Race *Achilles* is represented as being able to conquer every Opponent, and tho' he speaks it himself, the Poet brings it in so happily, that he speaks it without any Indecency: And in this place *Antilochus* with a very good grace tells *Achilles*, that in the Foot-Race no one can dispute the Prize with him. Thus tho' *Diomed* and *Ulysses* conquer in the Chariot and Foot-Race, it is only because *Achilles* is not their Antagonist.

XL.

VERSE 951. *Who first the jointed Armour shall explore.*] Some of the Ancients have been shock'd at this Combat, thinking it a Barbarity that Men in Sport should thus contend for their Lives; and therefore *Aristophanes* the Grammarian made this Alteration in the Verses.

Ὀππότερός κεν πρῶτος ἐπιβράψας χροῶα καλὸν
Φθίῃ ἐπευξάμενος δια δ' ἔνλεα, &c.

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But it is evident that they entirely mistook the Meaning and Intention of *Achilles*; for he that gave the first Wound was to be accounted the Victor. How could *Achilles* promise to entertain them both in his Tent after the Combat, if he intended that one of them should fall in it? This Duel therefore was only a Tryal of Skill, and as such single Combats were frequent in the Wars of those Ages against Adversaries, so this was proposed only to shew the Dexterity of the Combatants in that Exercise. *Eustathius*.

XLI.

VERSE 973. *Yet still the Victor's Due Tydides gains.] Achilles* In this place acts the part of a very just Arbitrator: Tho' the Combat did not proceed to a full issue, yet *Diomed* had evidently the Advantage, and consequently ought to be rewarded as Victor, because he would have been victorious, had not the *Greeks* interpos'd.

I could have wish'd that the Poet had given *Ajax* the Prize in some of these Contests. He undoubtedly was a very gallant Soldier, and has been describ'd as repulsing a whole Army; yet in all these Sports he is foil'd. But perhaps the Poet had a double View in this Representation, not only to shew, that Strength without Conduct is usually unsuccessful, but also his Design might be to complement the *Greeks* his Countreymen; by shewing that this *Ajax*, who had repell'd a whole Army of *Trojans* was not able to conquer any one of the *Grecian* Worthies: For we find him overpower'd in three of these Exercises.

XLII.

VERSE 987. *If he be one, enrich'd, &c.] The Poet* in this place speaks in the Simplicity of ancient Times: The prodigious Weight and Size of the Quoit is describ'd with a noble Plainness, peculiar to the oriental way, and agreeable to the Manners of those heroick Ages. He does not

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set down the Quantity of this enormous piece of Iron, neither as to its Bigness nor Weight, but as to the Use it will be of to him who shall gain it. We see from hence, that the Ancients in the Prizes they propos'd, had in view not only the Honourable, but the Useful; a Captive for Work, a Bull for Tillage, a Quoit for the Provision of Iron. Besides it must be remember'd, that in those Times Iron was very scarce; and a sure sign of this Scarcity, is, that their Arms were Brass. *Eustath. Dacier.*

XLIII.

VERSE 1032. *He takes the Bow.*] There having been many Editions of *Homer*, that of *Marseilles* represents these two Rivals in Archery as using two Bows in the Contest; and reads the Verses thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐπέθη κατ' οἷσδον
τόξῳ ἐν γὰρ χερσὶν ἔχε πάλα, ὡς ἴθυνεν.

Our common Editions follow the better Alteration of *Antimachus*, with this only Difference, that he reads it

Ἐξείρυσσε τεύχεα τόξον. And they, Ἐξείρυσσε χεῖρὸς τόξον.

It is evident that these Archers had but one Bow, as they that threw the Quoit had but one Quoit; by these means the one had no Advantage over the other, because both of them shot with the same Bow. So that the common Reading is undoubtedly the best, where the Lines stand thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσσε χεῖρὸς or τεύχεα
τόξον, ἀτὰρ δὴ οἷσδον ἔχε πάλα, ὡς ἴθυνεν. *Eustath.*

This *Teucer* is the most eminent Man for Archery of any thro' the whole *Iliad*, yet he is here excell'd by *Meriones*: And the Poet ascribes his Miscarriage to the neglect of invoking *Apollo*, the God of Archery; whereas *Meriones*, who invokes him, is crown'd with Success. There is an excellent Moral in this Passage, and the Poet would teach us, that without addressing to Heaven we cannot succeed: *Meriones*

does

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does not conquer because he is the better Archer, but because he is the better Man.

XLIV.

VERSE 1053. *Nor here disdain'd the King of Men to rise.* There is an admirable Conduct in this Passage; *Agamemnon* never contended for any of the former Prizes, tho' of much greater Value; so that he is a Candidate for this, only to honour *Patroclus* and *Achilles*. The decency which the Poet uses both in the choice of the Game, in which *Agamemnon* is about to contend, and the giving him the Prize without a Contest, is very remarkable: The Game was a warlike Exercise, fit for the General of an Army; the giving him the Prize without a Contest is a Decency judiciously observed, because no one ought to be suppos'd to excel the General in any military Art: *Agamemnon* does Justice to his own Character, for whereas he had been represented by *Achilles* in the opening of the Poem as a covetous Person, he now puts in for the Prize that is of the least Value, and generously gives even that to *Talibius*. *Eustathius*.

As to this last Particular, of *Agamemnon's* presenting the Charger to *Talibius*, I can't but be of a different Opinion. It had been an Affront to *Achilles* not to have accepted of his Present on this Occasion, and I believe the Words of *Homer*,

Ταλθύβιῳ κέρυκι δίδω περικαλλές ἄθλον,

mean no more, than that he put it into the Hands of this Herald to carry it to his Ships; *Talibius* being by his Office an Attendant upon *Agamemnon*.

XLV.

It will be expected I should here say something tending to a Comparison between the Games of *Homer* and those of *Virgil*.

If

If I may own my private Opinion, there is in general more Variety of natural Incidents, and a more lively Picture of natural Passions, in the Games and Persons of *Homer*. On the other hand, there seems to me more Art, Contrivance, Gradation, and a greater Pomp of Verse in those of *Virgil*. The Chariot-Race is that which *Homer* has most labour'd, of which *Virgil* being sensible, he judiciously avoided the Imitation of what he could not improve, and substituted in its place the Naval-Course, or Ship-Race. It is in this the *Roman* Poet has employ'd all his Force, as if on set purpose to rival his great Master; but it is extremely observable how constantly he keeps *Homer* in his Eye, and is afraid to depart from his very Track, even when he had vary'd the Subject itself. Accordingly the Accidents of the Naval-Course have a strange Resemblance with those of *Homer's* Chariot-Race. He could not forbear at the very Beginning to draw a part of that Description into a Simile. Do not we see he has *Homer's* Chariots in his Head, by these Lines

*Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus.
Nec sic immissis aurigæ undantia lora
Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent. Æn. v. V. 144.*

What is the Encounter of *Cloanthus* and *Gyas* in the Strait between the Rocks, but the same with that of *Menelaus* and *Antilochus* in the hollow Way? Had the Galley of *Sergestus* been broken, if the Chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demolish'd? Or *Mnestheus* been cast from the Helm, had not the other been thrown from his Seat? Does not *Mnestheus* exhort his Rowers in the very Words *Antilochus* had us'd to his Horses?

*Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo
Quamquam O! sed superent quibus hoc Neptune dedisti;
Extremos pudeat rediisse! hoc vincite, cives,
Exprohibete nefas——*

*Ζυγίστορ.

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Ἐμῆλον. καὶ σφῶϊ τιλαίνετον ὅττι τάχιστα.

Ἦ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν ἔτι κελεύω

Τυδείδῳ ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη

Νῦν ὥρεξε τάχος—

Ἴππους δ' Ἀλρεΐδαο κιχάνετ'ε, μηδὲ λήπῃσθον,

Καεπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶϊν ἐλεγκεῖην καὶ αὐχέῃ

Δίῳ θήλυς ἐῖσα—

Upon the whole, the Description of the Sea-Race I think has the more Poetry and Majesty, that of the Chariots more Nature, and lively Incidents. There is nothing in *Virgil* so picturesque, so animated, or which so much marks the Characters, as the Episodes of *Antilochus* and *Menelaus*, *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, with that beautiful Interposition of old *Nestor*, (so naturally introduc'd into an Affair where one so little expects him.) On the other side, in *Virgil* the Description itself is much nobler; it has something more ostentatiously grand, and seems a Spectacle more worthy the Presence of Princes and great Persons.

In three other Games we find the *Roman* Poet contending openly with the *Grecian*. That of the *Cæstus* is in great part a verbal Translation: But it must be own'd in favour of *Virgil*, that he has vary'd from *Homer* in the Event of the Combate with admirable Judgment and with an Improvement of the Moral. *Epæus* and *Dares* are describ'd by both Poets as vain Boasters; but *Virgil* with more poetical Justice punishes *Dares* for his Arrogance, whereas the Presumption and Pride of *Epæus* is rewarded by *Homer*.

On the contrary, in the Foot-Race, I am of opinion that *Homer* has shewn more Judgment and Morality than *Virgil*. *Nisus* in the latter is unjust to his Adversary in favour of his Friend *Euryalus*; so that *Euryalus* wins the Race by palpable Fraud, and yet the Poet gives him the first Prize; whereas *Homer* makes *Ulysses* victorious, purely thro' the Mischance of *Ajax*, and his own Piety in invoking *Minerva*.

The shooting is also a direct Copy, but with the Addition of two Circumstances which make a beautiful Gradation. In *Homer* the first Archer cuts the String that held the Bird, and the other shoots him as he is mounting. In *Virgil* the

first only hits the Mast which the Bird was fix'd upon, the second cuts the String, the third shoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the Strength of his Arm directs his Arrow up to Heaven, where it kindles into a Flame, and makes a Prodigy. This last is certainly superior to *Homer* in what they call the *Wonderful*: but what is the Intent or Effect of this Prodigy, or whether a Reader is not at least as much surprized at it, as at the most unreasonable Parts in *Homer*, I leave to those Criticks who are more inclin'd to find Faults than I am: Nor shall I observe upon the many literal Imitations in the *Roman* Poet, to object against which were to derogate from the Merit of those fine Passages, which *Virgil* was so very sensible of, that he was resolv'd to take them, at any rate, to himself.

There remain in *Homer* three Games untouch'd by *Virgil*; the Wrestling, the single Combate, and the *Discus*. In *Virgil* there is only the *Lusus Trojæ* added, which is purely his own, and must be confest to be inimitable: I don't know whether I may be allow'd to say, it is worth all those three of *Homer*?

I could not forgive my self if I omitted to mention in this place the Funeral Games in the sixth *Thebaid* of *Statius*; it is by much the most beautiful Book of that Poem. It's very remarkable, that he has follow'd *Homer* thro' the whole Course of his Games: There is the Chariot-Race, the Foot-Race, the *Discus*, the *Cæstus*, the Wrestling, the single Combate (which is put off in the same manner as in *Homer*) and the Shooting; which last ends (as in *Virgil*) with a Prodigy: Yet in the particular Descriptions of each of these Games this Poet has not borrow'd from either of his Predecessors, and his Poem is so much the worse for it.

THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

The ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the Body of *Hector*.

THE Gods deliberate about the Redemption of *Hector*. Jupiter sends *Thetis* to *Achilles* to dispose him for the restoring it; and *Iris* to *Priam*, to encourage him to go in Person, and treat for it. The old King, notwithstanding the Remonstrances of his Queen, makes ready for the Journey, to which he is encourag'd by an Omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his Chariot, with a Waggon loaded with Presents under the Charge of *Idæus* the Herald. Mercury descends in the Shape of a young Man, and conducts him to the Pavilion of *Achilles*. Their Conversation on the way. *Priam* finds *Achilles* at his Table, casts himself at his Feet, and begs for the Body of his Son; *Achilles*, mov'd with Compassion, grants his Request, detains him one Night in his Tent, and the next Morning sends him home with the Body: The Trojans run out to meet him. The Lamentations of *Andromache*, *Hecuba*, and *Helen*, with the Solemnities of the Funeral.

The Time of twelve Days is employ'd in this Book, while the Body of *Hector* lies in the Tent of *Achilles*. And as many more are spent in the Truce allow'd for his Interment. The Scene is partly in *Achilles's* Camp, and partly in *Troy*.

T H E

THE
 TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
 OF THE
 I L I A D.

NOW from the finish'd Games the *Grecian*
 Band

Sought their black Ships, and clear'd the crowded Strand ;

All stretch'd at ease the genial Banquet share,

And pleasing Slumbers quiet all their Care.

Not so *Achilles*: He, to Grief resign'd,

5

His Friend's dear Image present to his Mind,

Takes his sad Couch, more unobserv'd to weep,

Nor tastes the Gifts of all-composing Sleep.

Restless he roll'd around his weary Bed,

And all his Soul on his *Patroclus* fed:

10

The Form so pleasing, and the Heart so kind,

That youthful Vigour, and that manly Mind,

P p

What

What Toils they shar'd, what martial Works they wrought
 What Seas they measur'd, and what Fields they fought;
 15 All past before him in Remembrance dear,
 Thought follows Thought, and Tear succeeds to Tear.
 And now supine, now prone, the Hero lay,
 Now shifts his Side, impatient for the Day:
 Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
 20 Wide on the lonely Beach to vent his Woes.
 There as the solitary Mourner raves,
 The ruddy Morning rises o'er the Waves;
 Soon as it rose, his furious Steeds he join'd;
 The Chariot flies, and *Hector* trails behind.
 25 And thrice *Patroclus*! round thy Monument
 Was *Hector* dragg'd, then hurry'd to the Tent.
 There Sleep at last o'ercomes the Hero's Eyes;
 While foul in Dust th'unhonour'd Carcase lies,
 But not deserted by the pitying Skies.
 30 For *Phæbus* watch'd it with superior Care,
 Preserv'd from gaping Wounds, and tainting Air;
 And ignominious as it swept the Field,
 Spread o'er the sacred Corse his golden Shield.

All

All Heav'n was mov'd, and *Hermes* will'd to go
By Stealth to snatch him from th'insulting Foe: 35
But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies,
And th'unrelenting Empress of the Skies:
E'er since that Day implacable to *Troy*,
What time young *Paris*, simple Shepherd Boy,
Won by destructive Lust (Reward obscene) 40
Their Charms rejected for the *Cyprian* Queen.
But when the tenth celestial Morning broke;
To Heav'n assembled, thus *Apollo* spoke.

Unpitying Pow'rs! how oft each holy Fane
Has *Hector* ting'd with Blood of Victims slain? 45
And can ye still his cold Remains pursue?
Still grudge his Body to the *Trojans* View?
Deny to Confort, Mother, Son, and Sire,
The last sad Honours of the fun'ral Fire?
Is then the dire *Achilles* all your Care? 50
That Iron Heart, inflexibly severe;
A Lion, not a Man, who slaughters wide
In Strength of Rage and Impotence of Pride,
Who hastes to murder with a savage Joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy. 55

Shame

Shame is not of his Soul ; nor understood,
The greatest Evil and the greatest Good
Still for one Loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the Lot of all Mankind ;
60 To lose a Friend, a Brother, or a Son,
Heav'n dooms each Mortal, and its Will is done:
A while they sorrow, then dismiss their Care;
Fate gives the Wound, and Man is born to bear.
But this Insatiate the Commission giv'n
65 By Fate, exceeds; and tempts the Wrath of Heav'n:
Lo how his Rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead Earth insensible of Wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no Reason aw'd,
He violates the Laws of Man and God.
70 If equal Honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both Heroes, (*Juno* thus replies)
If *Thetis'* Son must no Distinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But *Hector* only boasts a mortal Claim,
75 His Birth deriving from a mortal Dame:
Achilles of your own Ætherial Race
Springs from a Goddess, by a Man's Embrace;
(A Goddess

(A Goddess by our self to *Peleus* giv'n,
 A Man divine, and chosen Friend of Heav'n.)
 To grace those Nuptials, from the bright Abode 80
 Your selves were present; where this Minstrel-God
 (Well-pleas'd to share the Feast,) amid the Quire
 Stood proud to Hymn, and tune his youthful Lyre.

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th'imperial Dame: }
 Let not thy Wrath the Court of Heav'n inflame; } 85
 Their Merits, nor their Honours, are the same. }
 But mine, and ev'ry God's peculiar Grace
Hector deserves, of all the *Trojan* Race:
 Still on our Shrines his grateful Off'rings lay,
 (The only Honours Men to Gods can pay) 90
 Nor ever from our smoking Altar cease
 The pure Libation, and the holy Feast.
 Howe'er by Stealth to snatch the Corse away,
 We will not: *Thetis* guards it Night and Day.
 But haste, and summon to our Courts above 95
 The Azure Queen; let her Persuasion move
 Her furious Son from *Priam* to receive
 The proffer'd Ransom, and the Corps to leave.

He added not: And *Iris* from the Skies
100 Swift as a Whirlwind, on the Message flies,
 Meteorous the Face of Ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the fable Deeps.
 Between where *Samos* wide his Forests spreads,
 And rocky *Imbrus* lifts its pointed Heads,
105 Down plung'd the Maid; (the parted Waves resound)
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark Profound.
 As bearing Death in the fallacious Bait
 From the bent Angle sinks the loaden Weight;
 So past the Goddess thro' the closing Wave,
110 Where *Thetis* sorrow'd in her secret Cave:
 There plac'd amidst her melancholy Train
 (The blue-hair'd Sisters of the sacred Main)
 Pensive she fate, revolving Fates to come,
 And wept her god-like Son's approaching Doom:
115 Then thus the Goddess of the painted Bow.
 Arise! O *Thetis*, from thy Seats below.
 'Tis *Jove* that calls. And why (the Dame replies)
 Calls *Jove* his *Thetis* to the hated Skies?
 Sad Object as I am for heav'nly Sight!
120 Ah! may my Sorrows ever shun the Light!

Howe'er

Howe'er be Heav'ns almighty Sire obey'd---
 She spake, and veil'd her Head in fable Shade,
 Which, flowing long, her graceful Person clad;
 And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

Then thro' the World of Waters, they repair ¹²⁵
 (The Way fair *Iris* led) to upper Air.

The Deeps dividing, o'er the Coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary Flight the Skies.
 There in the Light'nings Blaze the Sire they found,
 And all the Gods in shining Synod round. ¹³⁰

Thetis approach'd with Anguish in her Face,
 (*Minerva* rising, gave the Mourner place)

Ev'n *Juno* sought her Sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her Hand the Nectar Bowl:

She tasted, and resign'd it: Then began ¹³⁵
 The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal Man:

Thou com'st fair *Thetis*, but with Grief o'ercast,
 Maternal Sorrows, long, ah long to last!

Suffice, we know and we partake thy Cares:
 But yield to Fate, and hear what *Jove* declares. ¹⁴⁰

Nine Days are past, since all the Court above
 In *Hector's* Cause have mov'd the Ear of *Jove*;

'Twas

'Twas voted, *Hermes* from his god-like Foe
By Stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
145 We will, thy Son himself the Corse restore,
And to his Conquest add this Glory more.
Then hye thee to him, and our Mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the Wrath of Heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our Anger if he dread)
150 Vent his mad Vengeance on the sacred Dead:
But yield to Ransom and the Father's Pray'r.
The mournful Father *Iris* shall prepare,
With Gifts to sue; and offer to his Hands
Whate'er his Honour asks, or Heart demands.
155 His Word the silver-footed Queen attends,
' And from *Olympus*' snowy Tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the Voice of loud Lament,
And echoing Groans that shook the lofty Tent.
His Friends prepare the Victim, and dispose
160 Repast unheeded, while he vents his Woes.
The Goddess seats her by her pensive Son,
She prest his Hand, and tender thus begun.
How long, unhappy! shall thy Sorrows flow,
And thy Heart waste with life-consuming Woe?

Mingled

BOOK XXIV. *HOMER's ILIAD.* 153

Mindless of Food, or Love whose pleasing Reign 165

Sooths weary Life, and softens human Pain.

O snatch the Moments yet within thy Pow'r,

Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous Hour!

Lo! *Jove* himself (for *Jove's* Command I bear)

Forbids to tempt the Wrath of Heav'n too far, 170

No longer then (his Fury if thou dread)

Detain the Relicks of great *Hector* dead;

Nor vent on senseless Earth thy Vengeance vain,

But yield to Ransom, and restore the Slain.

To whom *Achilles*: Be the Ransom giv'n, 175

And we submit, since such the Will of Heav'n.

While thus they commun'd, from th'*Olympian* Bow'rs

Jove orders *Iris* to the *Trojan* Tow'rs.

Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred Town,

And urge her Monarch to redeem his Son; 180

Alone, the *Ilian* Ramparts let him leave,

And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive:

Alone, for so we will: No *Trojan* near;

Except, to place the Dead with decent Care,

Some aged Herald, who with gentle Hand, 185

May the slow Mules and fun'ral Car command.

R r

Nor

Nor let him Death, nor let him Danger dread,
Safe thro' the Foe by our Protection led:
Him *Hermes* to *Achilles* shall convey,
190 Guard of his Life, and Partner of his Way.
Fierce as he is, *Achilles* self shall spare
His Age, nor touch one venerable Hair,
Some Thought there must be, in a Soul so brave,
Some Sense of Duty, some Desire to save.
195 Then down her Bow the winged *Iris* drives,
And swift at *Priam's* mournful Court arrives;
Where the sad Sons beside their Father's Throne
Sate bath'd in Tears, and answer'd Groan with Groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary Sire,
200 (Sad Scene of Woe!) His Face his wrapt Attire
Conceal'd from Sight; With frantick Hands he spread
A Show'r of Ashes o'er his Neck and Head.
From Room to Room his pensive Daughters roam;
Whose Shrieks and Clamours fill the vaulted Dome;
205 Mindful of those, who, late their Pride and Joy,
Lye pale and breathless round the Fields of *Troy*!
Before the King *Jove's* Messenger appears,
And thus in Whispers greets his trembling Ears.

Fear not, oh Father! no ill News I bear;
From *Jove* I come, *Jove* makes thee still his Care:²¹⁰
For *Hector's* sake these Walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: No *Trojan* near,
Except to place the Dead with decent Care,
Some aged Herald, who with gentle Hand ²¹⁵
May the flow Mules and fun'ral Car command.
Nor shalt thou Death, nor shalt thou Danger dread;
Safe thro' the Foe by his Protection led:
Thee *Hermes* to *Pelides* shall convey,
Guard of thy Life, and Partner of thy Way. ²²⁰
Fierce as he is, *Achilles'* self shall spare
Thy Age, nor touch one venerable Hair,
Some Thought there must be, in a Soul so brave,
Some Sense of Duty, some Desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. *Priam* bids prepare ²²⁵
His gentle Mules, and harness to the Car,
There, for the Gifts, a polish'd Casket lay:
His pious Sons the King's Command obey.
Then past the Monarch to his Bridal-Room,
Where Cedar-Beams the lofty Roofs perfume, ²³⁰

And

And where the Treasures of his Empire lay;

Then call'd his Queen, and thus began to say.

Unhappy Consort of a King distrest!

Partake the Troubles of thy Husband's Breast:

²³⁵I saw descend the Messenger of *Jove*,

Who bids me try *Achilles'* Mind to move,

Forfake these Ramparts, and with Gifts obtain

The Corps of *Hector*, at yon' Navy slain.

Tell me thy Thought: My Heart impells to go

²⁴⁰Thro' hostile Camps, and bears me to the Foe.

The hoary Monarch thus. Her piercing Cries
Sad *Hecuba* renews, and then replies.

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd Mind,

And where the Prudence now that aw'd Mankind,

²⁴⁵Thro' *Phrygia* once, and foreign Regions known,

Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown!

Singly to pass thro' Hosts of Foes! to face

(Oh Heart of Steel!) the Murd'rer of thy Race!

To view that deathful Eye, and wander o'er

²⁵⁰Those Hands, yet red with *Hector's* noble Gore!

Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,

And what his Mercy, thy slain Sons declare;

So

So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his Rage
Vain were thy Dignity, and vain thy Age.
No----pent in this sad Palace let us give ²⁵⁵
To Grief the wretched Days we have to live.
Still, still for *Hector* let our Sorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his Parents Woe!
Doom'd from the Hour his luckless Life begun,
To Dogs, to Vultures, and to *Peleus'* Son! ²⁶⁰
Oh! in his dearest Blood might I allay
My Rage, and these Barbarities repay!
For ah! could *Hector* merit thus? whose Breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive Death:
He pour'd his latest Blood in manly Fight, ²⁶⁵
And fell a Hero in his Country's Right
Seek not to stay me, nor my Soul affright
With Words of Omen like a Bird of Night.
(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable Man)
'Tis Heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain. ²⁷⁰
Had any mortal Voice th'Injunction laid,
Nor Augur, Priest, or Seer had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high Command,
I saw, I heard her, and the Word shall stand.

²⁷⁵I go, ye Gods! obedient to your Call:
If in yon' Camp your Pow'rs have doom'd my Fall,
Content--- By the same Hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd Son the wretched Sire!
One cold Embrace at least may be allow'd,
²⁸⁰And my last Tears flow mingled with his Blood!

From forth his open'd Stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly Carpets of refulgent Hue,
As many Vests, as many Mantles told,
And twelve fair Veils, and Garments stiff with Gold.
²⁸⁵Two Tripods next and twice two Chargers shine,
With ten pure Talents from the richest Mine;
And last a large well-labour'd Bowl had place,
(The Pledge of Treaties once with friendly *Thrace*)
Seem'd all too mean the Stores he could employ,
²⁹⁰For one last Look to buy him back to *Troy*!

Lo! the sad Father, frantick with his Pain,
Around him furious drives his menial Train:
In vain each Slave with duteous Care attends,
Each Office hurts him, and each Face offends.
²⁹⁵What make ye here? Officious Crowds? (he cries)
Hence! Nor obtrude your Anguish on my Eyes.

Have

Have ye no Grievs at Home, to fix ye there?
Am I the only Object of Despair?
Am I become my People's common Show,
Set up by *Jove* your Spectacle of Woe? 300
No, you must feel him too; your selves must fall;
The same stern God to Ruin gives you all.
Nor is great *Hector* lost by me alone;
Your sole Defence, your guardian Pow'r is gone!
I see your Blood the Fields of *Phrygia* drown, 305
I see the Ruins of your smoking Town!
Oh send me, Gods! e'er that sad Day shall come,
A willing Ghost to *Pluto's* dreary Dome!

He said, and feebly drives his Friends away;
The forrowing Friends his frantick Rage obey. 310
Next on his Sons his erring Fury falls,
Polites, *Paris*, *Agathon*, he calls,
His Threats *Deiphobus* and *Dius* hear,
Hippothous, *Pammon*, *Helenus* the Seer,
And gen'rous *Antiphon*: For yet these nine 315
Surviv'd, sad Relicks of his num'rous Line.

Inglorious Sons of an unhappy Sire!
Why did not all in *Hector's* Cause expire?

Wretch

Wretch that I am! my bravest Offspring slain,

320 You, the Disgrace of *Priam's* House, remain!

Mestor the brave, renown'd in Ranks of War,

With *Troilus*, dreadful on his rushing Car,

And last great *Hector*, more than Man divine,

For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial Line!

325 All those relentless *Mars* untimely flew,

And left me these, a soft and servile Crew,

Whose Days the Feast and wanton Dance employ,

Gluttons and Flatt'ers, the Contempt of *Troy*!

Why teach ye not my rapid Wheels to run,

330 And speed my Journey to redeem my Son?

The Sons their Father's wretched Age revere,

Forgive his Anger, and produce the Car.

High on the Seat the Cabinet they bind:

The new-made Car with solid Beauty shin'd;

335 Box was the Yoke, embost with costly Pains,

And hung with Ringlets to receive the Reins;

340 Nine Cubits long the Traces swept the Ground;

These to the Chariots polish'd Pole they bound,

Then fix'd a Ring the running Reins to guide,

And close beneath the gather'd Ends were ty'd.

Next

Next with the Gifts (the Price of *Hector* slain)
The sad Attendants load the groaning Wain:
Last to the Yoke the well-match'd Mules they bring,
(The Gift of *Mysia* to the *Trojan* King.)
But the fair Horses, long his darling Care, 345
Himself receiv'd and harness'd to his Car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this Task deny'd;
The hoary Herald help'd him at his Side.
While careful these the gentle Courfers join'd,
Sad *Hecuba* approach'd with anxious Mind; 350
A golden Bowl that foam'd with fragrant Wine,
(Libation destin'd to the Pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the Steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the Monarch's Hands.

Take this, and pour to *Jove*: that safe from Harms, 355
His Grace restore thee to our Roof, and Arms;
Since Victor of thy Fears, and slighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy Soul, inspire this bold Design:
Pray to that God, who high on *Ida's* Brow
Surveys thy desolated Realms below, 360
His winged Messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly Augury:

T t

Let

Let the strong Sov'reign of the plummy Race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal Space.

365 That Sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the Journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his Augury denies,
Suppress thy Impulse, nor reject Advice.

'Tis just (saïd *Priam*) to the Sire above
370 To raise our Hands, for who so good as Jove?
He spoke, and bad th'attendant Handmaid bring
The purest Water of the living Spring;
(Her ready Hands the Ew'er and Basin held)
Then took the golden Cup his Queen had fill'd,

375 On the mid Pavement pours the rosy Wine,
Uplifts his Eyes, and calls the Pow'r divine.

Oh First, and Greatest! Heav'n's Imperial Lord!
On lofty *Ida*'s holy Hill ador'd!

To stern *Achilles* now direct my ways,
380 And teach him Mercy when a Father prays.

If such thy Will, dispatch from yonder Sky

Thy sacred Bird, celestial Augury!

Let the strong Sov'reign of the plummy Race

Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal Space.

So shall thy Suppliant, strengthen'd from above,³³⁵

Fearless pursue the Journey mark'd by *Jove*.

Jove heard his Pray'r, and from the Throne on high
Dispatch'd his Bird, celestial Augury!

The swift-wing'd Chafer of the feather'd Game,

And known to Gods by *Percnos*' lofty Name.³⁹⁰

Wide as appears some Palace Gate display'd,

So broad, his Pinions stretch their ample Shade,

As stooping dexter with resounding Wings

Th'imperial Bird descends in airy Rings,

A Dawn of Joy in ev'ry Face appears;³⁹⁵

The mourning Matron dries her tim'rous Tears.

Swift on his Car th'impatient Monarch sprung;

The brazen Portal in his Passage rung.

The Mules preceding draw the loaded Wain,

Charg'd with the Gifts; *Idæus* holds the Rein;⁴⁰⁰

The King himself his gentle Steeds controuls,

And thro' furrounding Friends the Chariot rolls

On his slow Wheels the following People wait,

Mourn at each Step, and give him up to Fate,

With Hands uplifted, eye him as he past,⁴⁰⁵

And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.

Now

Now forward fares the Father on his way,
Thro' the lone Fields, and back to *Iliou* they.
Great *Jove* beheld him as he crost the Plain,

410 And felt the Woes of miserable Man.

Then thus to *Hermes*. Thou whose constant Cares
Still succour Mortals, and attend their Pray'rs;
Behold an Object to thy Charge consign'd,
If ever Pity touch'd thee for Mankind.

415 Go, guard the Sire; th'observing Foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to *Achilles'* Tent.

The God obeys, his golden Pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the Wings of Winds,
That high thro' Fields of Air his Flight sustain,
420 O'er the wide Earth, and o'er the boundless Main:
Then grasps the Wand that causes Sleep to fly,
Or in soft Slumbers seals the wakeful Eye;
Thus arm'd, swift *Hermes* steers his airy way,
And stoops on *Hellepont's* resounding Sea.

425 A beauteous Youth, majestick and divine,
He seem'd, fair Offspring of some princely Line!
Now Twilight veil'd the glaring Face of Day,
And clad the dusky Fields in sober Gray;

What

What time the Herald and the hoary King
Their Chariots stopping, at the silver Spring 430
That circling *Ilus*' ancient Marble flows,
Allow'd their Mules and Steeds a short Repose.
Thro' the dim Shade the Herald first espies
A Man's approach, and thus to *Priam* cries.
I mark some Foes Advance: O King! beware; 435
This hard Adventure claims thy utmost Care:
For much I fear, Destruction hovers nigh:
Our State asks Counsel; is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his Feet to fall,
(Two wretched Suppliants) and for Mercy call? 440

Th'afflicted Monarch shiver'd with Despair;
Pale grew his Face, and upright stood his Hair;
Sunk was his Heart; his Colour went and came;
A sudden Trembling shook his aged Frame:
When *Hermes* greeting, touch'd his royal Hand, 445
And gentle, thus accosts with kind Demand.

Say whither, Father! when each mortal Sight
Is seal'd in Sleep, thou wander'st thro' the Night?
Why roam thy Mules and Steeds the Plains along,
Thro' *Grecian* Foes, so num'rous and so strong? 450

U u

What

What couldst thou hope, should these thy Treasures view,
These, who with endless Hate thy Race pursue?
For what Defence alas! couldst thou provide?

Thy self not young, a weak old Man thy Guide.

455 Yet suffer not thy Soul to sink with Dread;
From me, no Harm shall touch thy rev'rend Head;
From *Greece* I'll guard thee too; for in those Lines
The living Image of my Father shines.

Thy Words, that speak Benevolence of Mind
460 Are true, my Son! (the godlike Sire rejoin'd)

Great are my Hazards; but the Gods survey
My Steps, and send thee, Guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! For scarce of mortal Kind
Appears thy Form, thy Feature, and thy Mind.

465 Nor true are all thy Words, nor erring wide;
(The sacred Messenger of Heav'n reply'd)

But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely Plains
What yet most precious of thy Store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly Hand?

470 Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native Land.

Or fly'st thou now? What Hopes can *Troy* retain?
Thy matchless Son, her Guard and Glory, slain!

The

The King, alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the Sorrows of a Parent's Heart,
And know so well how god-like *Hector* dy'd? 475
Thus *Priam* spoke, and *Hermes* thus reply'd.

You tempt me, Father, and with Pity touch:
On this sad Subject you enquire too much.
Oft have these Eyes that godlike *Hector* view'd
In glorious Fight with *Grecian* Blood embu'd: 480
I saw him, when like *Jove*, his Flames he tost
On thousand Ships, and wither'd half an Host:
I saw, but help'd not: Stern *Achilles'* Ire
Forbad Assistance, and enjoy'd the Fire.
For him I serve, of *Myrmidonian* Race; 485
One Ship convey'd us from our native Place;
Polyctor is my Sire, an honour'd Name,
Old like thy self, and not unknown to Fame;
Of sev'n his Sons, by whom the Lot was cast
To serve our Prince, it fell on me, the last. 490
To watch this Quarter my Adventure falls,
For with the Morn the *Greeks* attack your Walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their Rulers check the martial Rage.

If

495 If then thou art of stern *Pelides'* Train,
(The mournful Monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah tell me truly, where, oh where are laid
My Son's dear Relicks? what befalls him dead?
Have Dogs dismember'd on the naked Plains,
500 Or yet unmangled rest his cold Remains?

O favor'd of the Skies! (Thus answer'd then
The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and Men)
Nor Dogs nor Vultures have thy *Hector* rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the Tent:
505 This the twelfth Evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by Worms, untainted by the Air.
Still as *Aurora's* ruddy Beam is spread,
Round his Friend's Tomb *Achilles* drags the Dead;
Yet undisfigur'd, or in Limb, or Face,
510 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living Grace,
Majestical in Death! No Stains are found
O'er all the Corse, and clos'd is ev'ry Wound,
(Tho' many a Wound they gave) Some heav'nly Care,
Some Hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
515 Or all the Host of Heav'n, to whom he led
A Life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus

Thus spoke to *Priam* the coelestial Guide,
And joyful thus the royal Sire reply'd.
Blest is the Man who pays the Gods above
The constant Tribute of Respect and Love: 520
Those who inhabit the *Olympian* Bow'r
My Son forgot not, in exalted Pow'r;
And Heav'n, that ev'ry Virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the Ashes of the Just, is kind.
But thou, oh gen'rous Youth! this Goblet take, 525
A Pledge of Gratitude for *Hector's* sake;
And while the fav'ring Gods our Steps survey,
Safe to *Pelides'* Tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O King forbear
To tempt my Youth, for apt is Youth to err: 530
But can I, absent from my Prince's Sight,
Take Gifts in secret, that must shun the Light?
What from our Master's Int'rest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd Theft that 'scapes the Law.
Respecting him, my Soul abjures th' Offence; 535
And as the Crime I dread the Consequence.
Thee, far as *Argos*, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy Life, and Partner of thy Way.

On thee attend, thy Safety to maintain,
540 O'er pathless Forests, or the roaring Main.
He said, then took the Chariot at a Bound,
And snatch'd the Reins, and whirl'd the Lash around:
Before th'inspiring God that urg'd them on,
The Courfers fly with Spirit not their own.
545 And now they reach'd the naval Walls, and found
The Guards repasting, while the Bowls go round;
On these the Virtue of his Wand he tries,
And pours deep Slumber on their watchful Eyes:
Then heav'd the massy Gates, remov'd the Bars,
550 And o'er the Trenches led the rolling Cars.
Unseen, thro' all the hostile Camp they went,
And now approach'd *Pelides'* lofty Tent.
Of Fir the Roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With Reeds collected from the marshy Shore;
555 And, fenc'd with Palisades, a Hall of State,
(The Work of Soldiers) where the Hero sate.
Large was the Door, whose well-compacted Strength
A solid Pine-tree barr'd of wond'rous Length;
Scarce three strong *Greeks* could lift its mighty Weight,
560 But great *Achilles* singly clos'd the Gate.

This

This *Hermes* (such the Pow'r of Gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the cœlestial Guide,
And thus, reveal'd---- Hear Prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy Guidance to no mortal Hand:

Hermes I am, descended from above, 565

The King of Arts, the Messenger of *Jove*.

Farewell: To shun *Achilles'* Sight I fly;

Uncommon are such Favours of the Sky,

Nor stand confest to frail Mortality. }

Now fearless enter, and prefer thy Pray'rs; 570

Adjure him by his Father's silver Hairs,

His Son, his Mother! urge him to bestow

Whatever Pity that stern Heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his Eyes,

And in a moment shot into the Skies: 575

The King, confirm'd from Heav'n, alighted there,

And left his aged Herald on the Car.

With solemn Pace thro' various Rooms he went,

And found *Achilles* in his inner Tent:

There fate the Hero; *Alcimus* the brave, 580

And great *Automedon*, Attendance gave:

These

These serv'd his Person at the royal Feast,
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the King his Entry made;
585 And prostrate now before *Achilles* laid,
Sudden, (a venerable Sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his Knees, and bath'd his Hands in Tears;
Those direful Hands his Kisses press'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his Blood!

590 As when a Wretch, (who conscious of his Crime
Pursu'd for Murder, flies his native Clime)
Just gains some Frontier, breathless, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: Thus *Achilles* gaz'd:
Thus stood th'Attendants stupid with Surprise;
595 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their Eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the Silence broke,
Till thus at last the Kingly Suppliant spoke,
Ah think, thou favour'd of the Pow'rs Divine!
Think of thy Father's Age, and pity mine!
600 In me, that Father's rev'rend Image trace,
Those silver Hairs, that venerable Face;
His trembling Limbs, his helpless Person, see!
In all my Equal, but in Misery!

Yet

Yet now perhaps, some Turn of human Fate
Expells him helpless from his peaceful State; 605
Think from some pow'rful Foe tho see'st him fly,
And beg Protection with a feeble Cry,
Yet still one Comfort in his Soul may rise;
He hears his Son still lives to glad his Eyes;
And hearing still may hope, a better Day 610
May send him thee to chase that Foe away.
No Comfort to my Griefs, no Hopes remain,
The best, the bravest of my Sons are slain!
Yet what a Race? e'er *Greece* to *Ilion* came;
The Pledge of many a lov'd, and loving Dame; 615
Nineteen one Mother bore--- Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched *Priam* bled?
Still One was left; their Loss to recompense;
His Father's Hope, his Country's last Defence.
Him too thy Rage has slain! beneath thy Steel 620
Unhappy, in his Country's Cause he fell!

For him, thro' hostile Camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy Feet I lay;
Large Gifts, proportion'd to thy Wrath, I bear;
Oh hear the Wretched, and the Gods revere! 625

Y y

Think

Think of thy Father, and this Face behold!
 See him in me, as helpless and as old!
 Tho' not so wretched: There he yields to me,
 The First of Men in sov'reign Misery.

⁶³⁰ Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
 The Scourge and Ruin of my Realm and Race;
 Suppliant my Childrens Murd'rer to implore,
 And kifs those Hands yet reeking with their Gore!

These Words soft Pity in the Chief inspire,
⁶³⁵ Touch'd with the dear Remembrance of his Sire.
 Then with his Hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The Old Man's Cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the Gush of Woe;
 And now the mingled Tides together flow:

⁶⁴⁰ This low on Earth, that gently bending o'er,
 A Father one, and one a Son, deplore:
 But great *Achilles* diff'rent Passions rend,
 And now his Sire he mourns, and now his Friend.
 Th' infectious Softness thro' the Heroes ran;
⁶⁴⁵ One universal, solemn Show'r began;
 They bore as Heroes, but they felt as Man.

Satiate

Satiate at length with unavailing Woes,
From the high Throne divine *Achilles* rose;
The rev'rend Monarch by the Hand he rais'd;
On his white Beard and Form majestick gaz'd, 650
Not unrelenting: Then serene began
With Words to sooth the miserable Man.

Alas! what Weight of Anguish hast thou known?
Unhappy Prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass thro' Foes, and thus undaunted face 655
The Man whose Fury has destroy'd thy Race?
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a Heart of Steel,
A Strength proportion'd to the Woes you feel.
Rise then: Let Reason mitigate our Care:
To mourn, avails not: Man is born to bear. 660
Such is, alas! the Gods severe Decree;
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two Urns by *Jove's* high Throne have ever stood,
The Source of Evil one, and one of Good;
From thence the Cup of mortal Man he fills, 665
Blessings to these, to those distributes Ills;
To most, he mingles both: The Wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;

Pursu'd

Pursu'd by Wrongs, by meagre Famine driv'n,
 670 He wanders, Outcast both of Earth and Heav'n.
 The Happiest taste not Happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial Draught is dash'd with Care.
 Who more than *Peleus* shone in Wealth and Pow'r?
 What Stars concurring blest his natal Hour?
 675 A Realm, a Goddess, to his Wishes giv'n,
 Grac'd by the Gods with all the Gifts of Heav'n!
 One Evil yet o'ertakes his latest Day,
 No Race succeeding to imperial Sway:
 One only Son! and he (alas!) ordain'd
 680 To fall untimely in a foreign Land!
 See him, in *Troy*, the pious Care decline
 Of his weak Age, to live the Curse of thine!
 Thou too, Old Man, hast happier Days beheld;
 In Riches once, in Children once excell'd;
 685 Extended *Phrygia* own'd thy ample Reign,
 And all fair *Lesbos*' blissful Seats contain,
 And all wide *Hellepont*'s unmeasur'd Main.
 But since the God his Hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy Measure from his bitter Urn,

What

What sees the Sun, but hapless Heroes Falls? 690

War, and the Blood of Men, surround thy Walls!

What must be, must be. Bear thy Lot, nor shed

These unavailing Sorrows o'er the Dead;

Thou can'st not call him from the *Stygian* Shore,

But thou alas! may'st live, to suffer more! 695

To whom the King. Oh favour'd of the Skies!)

Here let me grow to Earth! since *Hector* lies)

On the bare Beach, depriv'd of Obsequies.)

Oh give me *Hector*! to my Eyes restore

His Corse, and take the Gifts: I ask no more. 700

Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless Stores enjoy;

Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy Wrath from *Troy*;

So shall thy Pity and Forbearance give

A weak old Man to see the Light and live!

Move me no more (*Achilles* thus replies 705

While kindling Anger sparkled in his Eyes)

Nor seek by Tears my steady Soul to bend;

To yield thy *Hector* I my self intend:

For know, from *Jove* my Goddess-Mother came,

(Old Ocean's Daughter, silver-footed Dame) 710

Nor com'st thou but by Heav'n; nor com'st alone;
 Some God impells with Courage not thy own:
 No human Hand the weighty Gates unbarr'd,
 Nor could the boldest of our Youth have dar'd
 715 To pass our Outworks, or elude the Guard.
 Cease; lest neglectful of high Jove's Command
 I show thee, King! thou tread'st on hostile Land;
 Release my Knees, thy suppliant Arts give o'er,
 And shake the Purpose of my Soul no more.
 720 The Sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
 Achilles, like a Lion, rush'd abroad:
 Automedon and Alcimus attend,
 Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his Friend;
 These to unyoke the Mules and Horses went,
 725 And led the hoary Herald to the Tent;
 Next heap'd on high the num'rous Presents bear
 (Great Hector's Ransome) from the polish'd Car.
 Two splendid Mantles, and a Carpet spread,
 They leave; to cover, and inwrap the Dead.
 730 Then call the Handmaids with assistant Toil
 To wash the Body, and anoint with Oil;

Apart from *Priam*, left th'unhappy Sire
Provok'd to Passion, once more rouze to Ire
The stern *Pelides*; and nor sacred Age
Nor *Jove's* Command, should check the rising Rage. 735
This done, the Garments o'er the Corse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral Bed:

Then, while the Body on the Car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus*' Shade.

If, in that Gloom which never Light must know, 740
The Deeds of Mortals touch the Ghosts below;
O Friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Restoring *Hector*) Heav'ns unquestion'd Will.
The Gifts the Father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy *Manes*, and adorn thy Shrine. 745

He said, and entring, took his Seat of State,
Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* fate:
To whom, compos'd, the god-like Chief begun.
Lo! to thy Pray'r restor'd, thy breathless Son:
Extended on the Fun'ral Couch he lies;
And soon as Morning paints the Eastern Skies,
The Sight is granted to thy longing Eyes.

} 750
}

But

But now the peaceful Hours of sacred Night
Demand Refection, and to Rest invite:

755 Nor thou O Father! thus consum'd with Woe,

The common Cares that nourish Life, foregoe.

Not thus did *Niobe*, of Form divine,

A Parent once, whose Sorrows equal'd thine:

Six youthful Sons, as many blooming Maids

760 In one sad Day beheld the *Stygian* Shades;

These by *Apollo's* silver Bow were slain,

Those, *Cynthia's* Arrows stretch'd upon the Plain.

So was her Pride chastiz'd by Wrath divine,

Who match'd her own with bright *Latona's* Line;

765 But two the Goddess, twelve the Queen enjoy'd;

Those boasted twelve th'avenging two destroy'd.

Steep'd in their Blood, and in the Dust outspread,

Nine Days neglected lay expos'd the Dead;

None by to weep them, to inhum them none;

770 (For *Jove* had turn'd the Nation all to Stone:)

The Gods themselves at length relenting, gave

Th'unhappy Race the Honours of a Grave.

Her self a Rock, (for such was Heav'n's high Will)

Thro' Defarts wild now pours a weeping Rill;

Where

Where round the Bed whence *Acheloüs* springs 775
The wat'ry Fairies dance in mazy Rings,
There high on *Sipylus* his shaggy Brow,
She stands her own sad Monument of Woe;
The Rock for ever lasts, the Tears for ever flow! }

Such Griefs, O King! have other Parents known; 780
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The Care of Heav'n thy *Hector* has appear'd,
Nor shall he lye unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged Cheeks in Tears be drown'd,
And all the Eyes of *Ilion* stream around. 785

He said, and rising, chose the Victim Ewe
With silver Fleece, which his Attendants flew.
The Limbs they sever from the reeking Hyde,
With Skill prepare them, and in Parts divide:
Each on the Coals the sep'rate Morfels lays, 790
And hasty, snatches from the rising Blaze.
With Bread the glitt'ring Canisters they load,
Which round the Board *Automedon* bestow'd:
The Chief himself to each his Portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet Repast. 795

When now the Rage of Hunger was repress,
The wond'ring Hero eyes his royal Guest;
No less the royal Guest the Hero eyes,
His god-like Aspect and majestick Size;

⁸⁰⁰Here, youthful Grace and noble Fire engage,
And there, the mild Benevolence of Age.
Thus gazing long, the Silence neither broke,
(A solemn Scene!) at length the Father spoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of *Jove*! to steep
⁸⁰⁵My careful Temples in the Dew of Sleep:
For since the Day that numbred with the Dead
My hapless Son, the Dust has been my Bed,
Soft Sleep a Stranger to my weeping Eyes,
My only Food my Sorrows and my Sighs!

⁸¹⁰Till now, encourag'd by the Grace you give,
I share thy Banquet, and consent to live.

With that, *Achilles* bad prepare the Bed,
With Purple soft, and shaggy Carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming Lights, they bend their way,
⁸¹⁵And place the Couches, and the Cov'rings lay.
Then he: Now Father sleep, but sleep not here,
Consult thy Safety, and forgive my Fear,

Left

Left any *Argive*, (at this Hour awake,
To ask our Counfel or our Orders take,)
Approaching sudden to our open'd Tent, 820
Perchance behold thee, and our Grace prevent.
Should fuch report thy honour'd Person here,
The King of Men the Ranfom might defer.
But fay with fpeed, if ought of thy Defire
Remains unask'd; what Time the Rites require 825
T' inter thy *Hector*? For, fo long we ftay
Our flaught'ring Arm, and bid the Hofts obey.

If then thy Will permit (the Monarch faid)
To finish all due Honours to the Dead,
This, of thy Grace, accord: To thee are known 830
The Fears of *Ilion*, clos'd within her Town,
And at what diftance from our Walls afpire
The Hills of *Ide*, and Forests for the Fire.
Nine Days to vent our Sorrows I request,
The tenth fhall fee the Fun'ral and the Feaft; 835
The next, to raife his Monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if War be doom'd by Heav'n!

This thy Request (reply'd the Chief) enjoy:
Till then, our Arms fufpend the Fall of *Troy*.

840 Then gave his Hand at parting, to prevent
The Old Man's Fears, and turn'd within the Tent;
Where fair *Briseïs* bright in blooming Charms
Expects her Hero with desiring Arms.
But in the Porch the King and Herald rest,
845 Sad Dreams of Care yet wand'ring in their Breast.
Now Gods and Men the Gifts of Sleep partake;
Industrious *Hermes* only was awake,
The King's Return revolving in his Mind,
To pass the Ramparts, and the Watch to blind.
850 The Pow'r descending hover'd o'er his Head:
And sleep'st thou Father! (thus the Vision said)
Now dost thou sleep, when *Hector* is restor'd?
Nor fear the *Grecian* Foes, nor *Grecian* Lord?
Thy Presence here shou'd stern *Atrides* see,
855 Thy still-surviving Sons may sue for thee,
May offer all thy Treasures yet contain,
To spare thy Age; and offer all in vain!
Wak'd with the Word, the trembling Sire arose,
And rais'd his Friend: The God before him goes,
860 He joins the Mules, directs them with his Hand,
And moves in Silence thro' the hostile Land.

When

When now to *Xanthus*' yellow Stream they drove,
(*Xanthus*, immortal Progeny of *Jove*)
The winged Deity forsook their View,
And in a Moment to *Olympus* flew. 865

Now shed *Aurora* round her Saffron Ray,
Sprung thro' the Gates of Light, and gave the Day:
Charg'd with their mournful Load, to *Ilion* goe
The Sage and King, majestically flow.

Cassandra first beholds, from *Ilion*'s Spire, 870
The sad Procession of her hoary Sire,
Then, as the pensive Pomp advanc'd more near,
Her breathless Brother stretch'd upon the Bier:
A Show'r of Tears o'erflows her beauteous Eyes,
Alarming thus all *Ilion* with her Cries. 875

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched Daughters, and ye Sons of *Troy*!
If e'er ye rush'd in Crowds, with vast Delight
To hail your Hero glorious from the Fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your Sorrows flow! 880
Your common Triumph, and your common Woe

In thronging Crowds, they issue to the Plains,
Nor Man, nor Woman, in the Walls remains.

In ev'ry Face the self-same Grief is shown,
885 And *Troy* sends forth one universal Groan.
At *Scaea's* Gates they meet the mourning Wain,
Hang on the Wheels, and grovel round the Slain.
The Wife and Mother, frantic with Despair,
Kiss his pale Cheek, and rend their scatter'd Hair:
890 Thus wildly wailing, at the Gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the Day;
But god-like *Priam* from the Chariot rose:
Forbear (he cry'd) this Violence of Woes,
First to the Palace let the Car proceed,
895 Then pour your boundless Sorrows o'er the Dead.
The Waves of People at his Word divide,
Slow rolls the Chariot thro' the following Tide;
Ev'n to the Palace the sad Pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the Bed of State.
900 A melancholy Choir attend around,
With plaintive Sighs, and Musick's solemn Sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th'obedient Tears, melodious in their Woe.
While deeper Sorrows groan from each full Heart,
905 And Nature speaks at ev'ry Pause of Art.

First

First to the Corse the weeping Comfort flew;
Around his Neck her milk-white Arms she threw,
And oh my *Hector*! oh my Lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy Bloom from these desiring Eyes!
Thou to the dismal Realms for ever gone! 910
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only Son, once Comfort of our Pains,
Sad Product now of hapless Love, remains!
Never to manly Age that Son shall rise,
Or with increasing Graces glad my Eyes: 915
For *Ilion* now (her great Defender slain)
Shall sink, a smoking Ruin on the Plain.
Who now protects her Wives with guardian Care?
Who saves her Infants from the Rage of War?
Now hostile Fleets must waft those Infants o'er, 920
(Those Wives must wait 'em) to a foreign Shore!
Thou too my Son! to barb'rous Climes shalt goe,
The sad Companion of thy Mother's Woe;
Driv'n hence a Slave before the Victor's Sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman Lord. 925
Or else some *Greek* whose Father prest the Plain,
Or Son, or Brother, by great *Hector* slain;

In

In *Hector's* Blood his Vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the Tow'rs of *Troy*.

930 For thy stern Father never spar'd a Foe:

Thence all these Tears, and all this Scene of Woe!

Thence, many Evils his sad Parents bore,

His Parents many, but his Comfort more.

Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying Hand?

935 And why receiv'd not I thy last Command?

Some Word thou would'st have spoke, which sadly dear,

My Soul might keep, or utter with a Tear;

Which never, never could be lost in Air,

Fix'd in my Heart, and oft repeated there!

940 Thus to her weeping Maids she makes her Moan;

Her weeping Handmaids echo Groan for Groan.

The mournful Mother next sustains her Part.

Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my Heart!

Of all my Race thou most by Heav'n approv'd,

945 And by th'Immortals ev'n in Death belov'd!

While all my other Sons in barb'rous Bands

Achilles bound, and sold to foreign Lands,

This felt no Chains, but went a glorious Ghost

Free, and a Hero, to the *Stygian* Coast.

Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman Doom, 950
 Thy noble Corse was dragg'd around the Tomb,
 (The Tomb of him thy warlike Arm had slain)
 Ungen'rous Insult, impotent and vain!
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living Grace,
 No mark of Pain, or Violence of Face; 955
 Rosy and fair! as *Phœbus*' silver Bow
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the Shades below.

Thus spoke the Dame, and melted into Tears.
 Sad *Helen* next in Pomp of Grief appears:
 Fast from the shining Sluices of her Eyes 960
 Fall the round crystal Drops, while thus she cries,

Ah dearest Friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
 The mildest Manners with the bravest Mind!
 Now twice ten Years (unhappy Years) are o'er
 Since *Paris* brought me to the *Trojan* Shore; 965
 (Oh had I perish'd, e'er that Form divine
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy Heart of mine!.)
 Yet was it ne'er my Fate, from thee to find
 A Deed ungentle, or a Word unkind:
 When others curst the Auth'ers of their Woe, 970
 Thy Pity check'd my Sorrows in their Flow:

If some proud Brother ey'd me with Disdain,
 Or scornful Sister with her sweeping Train,
 Thy gentle Accents soften'd all my Pain.

975 For thee I mourn; and mourn my self in thee,
 The wretched Source of all this Misery!
 The Fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
 Sad *Helen* has no Friend now thou art gone!
 Thro' *Troy*'s wide Streets abandon'd shall I roam,
 980 In *Troy* deserted, as abhorr'd at Home!

So spoke the Fair, with Sorrow-streaming Eye:
 Distressful Beauty melts each Stander-by;
 On all around th'infectious Sorrow grows;
 But *Priam* check'd the Torrent as it rose.

985 Perform, ye *Trojans*! what the Rites require,
 And fell the Forests for a fun'ral Pyre;
 Twelve Days, nor Foes, nor secret Ambush dread;
Achilles grants these Honours to the Dead.

He spoke; and at his Word, the *Trojan* Train
 990 Their Mules and Oxen harness to the Wain,
 Pour thro' the Gates, and, fell'd from *Ida*'s Crown,
 Roll back the gather'd Forests to the Town.

These

These Toils continue nine succeeding Days,
And high in Air a Sylvan Structure raise.
But when the tenth fair Morn began to shine, 995
Forth to the Pile was born the Man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming Eyes,
Beheld the Flames and rolling Smokes arise.
Soon as *Aurora*, Daughter of the Dawn,
With rosy Lustre streak'd the dewy Lawn; 1000
Again the mournful Crowds surround the Pyre,
And quench with Wine the yet remaining Fire.
The snowy Bones his Friends and Brothers place
(With Tears collected) in a golden Vase;
The golden Vase in purple Palls they roll'd, 1005
Of softest Texture, and inwrought with Gold;
Last o'er the Urn the sacred Earth they spread,
And rais'd the Tomb, Memorial of the Dead.
(Strong Guards and Spies, till all the Rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting Sun) 1010
All *Troy* then moves to *Priam's* Court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy Train.

Assembled

Assembled there, from pious Toil they rest,

And sadly shar'd the last Sepulchral Feast.

1015 Such Honours *Ilion* to her Hero paid,

And peaceful slept the mighty *Hector's* Shade.

The End of the ILLIAD.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 14. *What Seas they measur'd, &c.*] There is something very noble in these Sentiments of *Achilles*: He does not recollect any soft Moments, any Tenderneſſes that had paſſ'd between him and *Patroclus*, but he revolves the many Difficulties, the Toils by Land, and the Dangers by Sea, in which they had been Companions: Thus the Poet on all Occaſions admirably ſuſtains the Character of *Achilles*; when he play'd upon the Harp in the ninth Book, he ſung the Atchievements of Kings; and in this place there is an air of Greatneſs in his very Sorrows: *Achilles* is as much a Hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This Paſſage in *Homer* has not eſcap'd the Cenſure of *Plato*, who thought it a Diminution to his Character to be
thus

thus transported with Grief; but the Objection will vanish if we remember that all the Passions of *Achilles* are in the extreme; his Nature is violent, and it would have been an Outrage to his general Character to have represented him as mourning moderately for his Friend. *Plato* spoke more like a Philosopher than a Critick when he blamed the Behaviour of *Achilles* as unmanly: These Tears would have ill-become *Plato*, but they are graceful in *Achilles*.

Besides there is something very instructive in this whole Representation, it shews us the Power of a sincere Friendship, and softens and recommends the Character of *Achilles*; the Violence he us'd towards his Enemy is alleviated by the Sincerity he expresses towards his Friend; he is a terrible Enemy, but an amiable Friend.

II.

VERSE 30. *For Phœbus watch'd it, &c.*] *Eustathius* says, that by this Shield of *Apollo* are meant the Clouds that are drawn up by the Beams of the Sun, which cooling and qualifying the Sultriness of the Air, preserved the Body from Decay: But perhaps the Poet had something farther in his Eye when he introduc'd *Apollo* upon this Occasion: *Apollo* is a Physician and the God of Medicaments; if therefore *Achilles* us'd any Arts to preserve *Hector* from Decay that he might be able the longer to insult his Remains, *Apollo* may properly be said to protect it with his *Ægis*.

III.

VERSE 36. *But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies.*] It is with excellent Art that the Poet carries on this part of his Poem, he shews that he could have contriv'd another way to recover the Body of *Hector*, but as a God is never to be

be introduc'd but when human Means fail, he rejects the Interposition of *Mercury*, makes use of ordinary Methods, and *Priam* redeems his Son: This gives an Air of Probability to the Relation, at the same time that it advances the Glory of *Achilles*; for the greatest of his Enemies labours to purchase his Favour, the Gods hold a Consultation, and a King becomes his Suppliant. *Eustathius*.

Those seven Lines, from κλέψαι δ' ὠτρύνεσκον to Μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινήν, have been thought spurious by some of the Ancients: They judg'd it an Indecency that the Goddess of Wisdom and *Achilles* should be equally inexorable; and that it was below the Majesty of the Gods to be said at all to steal. Besides, say they, had *Homer* been acquainted with the Judgment of *Paris*, he would undoubtedly have mention'd it before this time in his Poem, and consequently that Story was of a later Invention: And *Aristarchus* affirms that Μαχλοσύνη is a more modern Word, and never known before the Time of *Hesiod*, who uses it when he speaks of the Daughters of *Prætus*; and adds, that it is appropriated to signify the Incontinence of Women, and cannot be at all apply'd to Men: Therefore others read the last Verse,

Ἡ οἱ κεχαρισμένα δῶρ ὀνόμηνε.

These Objections are entirely gather'd from *Eustathius*; to which we may add, that *Macrobius* seems to have been one of those who rejected these Verses, since he affirms that our Author never mentions the Judgment of *Paris*. It may be answer'd, that the Silence of *Homer* in the foregoing part of the Poem, as to the Judgment of *Paris*, is no Argument that he was ignorant of that Story: Perhaps he might think it most proper to unfold the Cause of the Destruction of *Troy* in the Conclusion of the *Ilias*; that the Reader seeing the Wrong done, and the Punishment of that Wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the Justice of it.

The same Reason will be an answer to the Objection relating to the Anger of *Pallas*: Wisdom cannot be satisfy'd without Justice, and consequently *Pallas* ought not to cease from Resentment, till *Troy* has suffer'd the Deserts of her Crimes.

I cannot think that the Objection about the Word *Μαχλοσύνη* is of any Weight; the Date of Words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the Ages of *Homer*, and *Hesiod*, so neither can any Person be assured that such Words were not in use in *Homer's* Days.

IV.

VERSE 52. *A Lion, not a Man, &c.*] This is a very formal Condemnation of the Morals of *Achilles*, which *Homer* puts into the Mouth of a God. One may see from this alone that he was far from designing his Hero a virtuous Character, yet the Poet artfully introduces *Apollo* in the midst of his Reproaches, intermingling the Hero's Praises with his Blemishes: *Brave tho' he be, &c.* Thus what is the real Merit of *Achilles* is distinguish'd from what is blameable in his Character, and we see *Apollo*, or the God of Wisdom, is no less impartial than just in his Representation of *Achilles*.

V.

VERSE 114. *And wept her god-like Son's approaching Doom.*] These words are very artfully inserted by the Poet. The Poem could not proceed to the Death of *Achilles* without breaking the Action; and therefore to satisfy the Curiosity of the Reader concerning the Fate of this great Man, he takes care to inform us that his Life draws to a Period, and as it were celebrates his Funeral before his Death.

Such Circumstances as these greatly raise the Character of *Achilles*; he is so truly valiant, that tho' he knows he must fall before *Troy*, yet he does not abstain from the War, but courageously meets his Death: And here I think it proper to insert an Observation that ought to have been made before, which is, that *Achilles* did not know that *Hector* was to fall by his Hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty Courage in engaging him in a single Combat, in which he was sure to conquer? The contrary

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of this is evident from the Words of *Achilles* to *Hector* just before the Combat,

—Πῶν γ' ἢ ἑτέρον γε πεισύνῃ
Αἶμαλος ἄσαι ἄρῃα, &c. —

I will make no Compacts with thee, says Achilles, but one of us shall fall.

VI.

VERSE 141. *Nine Days are past since all the Court above, &c.*] It may be thought that so many Interpositions of the Gods, such Messages from Heaven to Earth, and down to the Seas, are needless Machines; and it may be imagin'd that it is an Offence against Probability that so many Deities should be employ'd to pacify *Achilles*: But I am of Opinion that the Poet conducts this whole Affair with admirable Judgment. The Poem is now almost at the Conclusion, and *Achilles* is to pass from a State of an almost inexorable Resentment to a State of perfect Tranquillity; such a Change could not be brought about by human Means; *Achilles* is too stubborn to obey any thing less than a God: This is evident from his rejecting the Persuasion of the whole *Grecian* Army to return to the Battle: So that it appears that this Machinery was necessary, and consequently a Beauty to the Poem.

It may be farther added, that these several Incidents proceed from *Jupiter*: It is by his Appointment that so many Gods are employ'd to attend *Achilles*. By these means *Jupiter* fulfills the Promise mention'd in the first Book, of honouring the Son of *Thetis*, and the Poet excellently sustains his Character by representing the inexorable *Achilles* as not parting with the Body of his mortal Enemy, but by the immediate Command of *Jupiter*.

If the Poet had conducted these Incidents merely by human Means, or suppos'd *Achilles* to restore the Body of *Hector* entirely out of Compassion, the Draught had been unnatural, because unlike *Achilles*: Such a Violence of Temper was not to be pacify'd by ordinary Methods. Besides, the Poet has
made

made use of the properest Personages to carry on the Affair; for who could be suppos'd to have so great an Influence upon *Achilles* as his own Mother, who is a Goddess?

VII.

VERSE 164. *And thy Heart waste with life-consuming Woe.*] This Expression in the Original is very particular. Were it to be translated literally it must be render'd, how long wilt thou eat, or prey upon thy own Heart by these Sorrows? And it seems that it was a common way of expressing a deep Sorrow; and *Pythagoras* uses it in this Sense, *μη ἐσθλιν καρδιαν*, that is, grieve not excessively, let not sorrow make too great an Impression upon thy Heart. *Eustathius*.

VIII.

VERSE 168. —*Indulge the am'rous Hour!*] The Ancients (says *Eustathius*) rejected these Verses because of the indecent Idea they convey: The Goddess in plain Terms advises *Achilles* to go to Bed to his Mistress, and tells him a Woman will be a Comfort. The good Bishop is of Opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the Reason he gives is as extraordinary as that of *Thetis*: Soldiers, says he, have more occasion for something to strengthen themselves with, than for Women: And this is the Reason, continues he, why Wrestlers are forbid all Commerce with that Sex during the whole Time of their Exercise.

Dionysius of *Halicarnassus* endeavours to justify *Homer* by observing, that this Advice of *Thetis* was not given him to induce him to any Wantonness, but was intended to indulge a nobler Passion, his Desire of Glory: She advises him to go to that Captive who was restor'd to him in a publick manner, to satisfy his Honour: To that Captive, the Detention of whom had been so great a Punishment to the whole *Grecian* Army: And therefore *Thetis* uses a very proper Motive to comfort her Son, by advising him to gratify at once both his Love and his Glory.

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Plutarch has likewise labour'd in *Homer's* Justification; he observes that the Poet has set the Picture of *Achilles* in this place in a very fair and strong point of Light: Tho' *Achilles* had so lately receiv'd his belov'd *Briseïs* from the Hands of *Agamemnon*; tho' he knew that his own Life drew to a sudden Period, yet the Hero prevails over the Lover, and he does not haste to indulge his Love: He does not lament *Patroclus* like a common Man by neglecting the Duties of Life, but he abstains from all Pleasures by an Excess of Sorrow, and the Love of his Mistress is lost in that of his Friend.

This Observation excellently justifies *Achilles*, in not indulging himself with the Company of his Mistress: The Hero prevails so much over the Lover, that *Thetis* thinks her self oblig'd to recall *Briseïs* to his Memory. Yet still the Indecency remains. All that can be said in favour of *Thetis* is, that she was Mother to *Achilles*, and consequently might take the greater Freedom with her Son.

Madam Dacier disapproves of both the former Observations: She has recourse to the Lawfulness of such a Practice between *Achilles* and *Briseïs*; and because such Commerces in those times were reputed honest, therefore she thinks the Advice was decent: The married Ladies are oblig'd to her for this Observation, and I hope all tender Mothers, when their Sons are afflicted, will advise them to comfort themselves in this manner.

In short, I am of Opinion that this Passage outrages Decency; and 'tis a sign of some Weakness to have so much occasion of Justification. Indeed the whole Passage is capable of a serious Construction, and of such a Sense as a Mother might express to a Son with Decency: And then it will run thus; "Why art thou, my Son, thus afflicted? Why thus resign'd to Sorrow? Can neither Sleep nor Love divert you? Short is thy Date of Life, spend it not all in weeping, but allow some part of it to Love and Pleasure!" But still the Indecency lies in the manner of the Expression, which must be allow'd to be almost obscene, (for such is the Word *μισέειν* *misceri*) all that can be said in Defence of it is, that as we are not competent Judges of what Ideas Words might carry in *Homer's* Time; so we ought not entirely to condemn

him, because it is possible the Expression might not sound so indecently in ancient as in modern Ears.

IX.

VERSE 189. *Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey.*] The Intervention of *Mercury* was very necessary at this Time, and by it the Poet not only gives an Air of Probability to the Relation, but also pays a Complement to his Countreymen the *Grecians*: They kept so strict a Guard that nothing but a God could pass unobserv'd, and this highly recommends their military Discipline; and *Priam* not being able to carry the Ransom without a Chariot, it would have been an Offence against Probability, to have suppos'd him able to have pass'd all the Guards of the Army in his Chariot, without the Assistance of some Deity: *Horace* had this Passage in his view, Ode the 10th of the first Book.

Iniqua Trojæ castra fefellit.

X.

VERSE 191. — *Achilles self shall spare
His Age, nor touch one venerable Hair, &c.*]

It is observable that every Word here is a Negative, ἀφρων, ἄσκοπος, ἀλήμων; *Achilles* is still so angry that *Jupiter* cannot say he is wise, judicious, and merciful; he only commends him negatively, and barely says he is not a Madman, nor perversely wicked.

It is the Observation of the Ancients, says *Eustathius*, that all the Causes of the Sins of Man are included in those three Words: Man offends either out of Ignorance, and then he is ἀφρων, or thro' Inadvertency, then he is ἄσκοπος, or wilfully and maliciously, and then he is ἀλήμων. So that this Description agrees very well with the present Disposition of *Achilles*; he is not ἀφρων, because his Resentment begins to abate; he is not ἄσκοπος, because his Mother has given him Instructions, nor ἀλήμων, because he will not offend against the Injunctions of *Jupiter*.

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XI.

VERSE 195. *The winged Iris flies, &c.*] Mons. Rapin has been very free upon this Passage, where so many Machines are made use of to cause *Priam* to obtain the Body of *Hector* from *Achilles*. “ This Father (says he) who has so much “ Tenderneſs for his Son, who is ſo ſuperſtitious in observing “ the funeral Ceremonies, and ſaving thoſe precious Re- “ mains from the Dogs and Vultures; ought not he to have “ thought of doing this himſelf, without being thus expreſſly “ commanded by the Gods? Was there need of a Machine “ to make him remember that he was a Father?” But this Critick entirely forgets what render’d ſuch a Conduct of abſolute Neceſſity; namely, the extreme Danger and (in all Probability) imminent Ruin both of the King and State, upon *Priam*’s putting himſelf into the Power of his moſt inveterate Enemy. There was no other Method of recovering *Hector*, and of diſcharging his funeral Rites (which were look’d upon by the Ancients of ſo high Importance) and therefore the Meſſage from *Jupiter* to encourage *Priam*, with the Aſſiſtance of *Mercury* to conduct him, and to prepare *Achilles* to receive him with Favour, was far from impertinent: It was *Dignus vindice nodus*, as *Horace* expreſſes it.

XII.

VERSE 200. *His Face his wrapt Attire conceal’d from Sight.*] The Poet has obſerv’d a great Decency in this place, he was not able to expreſs the Grief of this royal Mourner, and ſo covers what he could not repreſent. From this Paſſage *Semanthes* the *Sicyonian* Painter borrow’d his Deſign in the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and repreſents his *Agamemnon*, as *Homer* does his *Priam*: *Æſchylus* has likewiſe imitated this Place, and draws his *Niobe* exactly after the manner of *Homer*. *Euſtathius*.

XIII.

XIII.

VERSE 265. *He pour'd his latest Blood in manly Fight,
And fell a Hero—]*

This whole Discourse of *Hecuba* is exceedingly natural, she aggravates the Features of *Achilles*, and softens those of *Hector*: Her Anger blinds her so much that she can see nothing great in *Achilles*, and her Fondness so much, that she can discern no Defects in *Hector*: Thus she draws *Achilles* in the fiercest Colours, like a Barbarian, and calls him *ῥαψῆς*: But at the same time forgets that *Hector* ever fled from *Achilles*, and in the Original directly tells us that he *knew not how to fear, or how to fly*. Eustathius.

XIV.

VERSE 291. *Lo, the sad Father, &c.]* This Behaviour of *Priam* is very natural to a Person in his Circumstances: The Loss of his favourite Son makes so deep an Impression upon his Spirits, that he is incapable of Consolation; he is displeased with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the Disorder and Hurry of his Spirits make him break out into passionate Expressions, and those Expressions are contain'd in short Periods, very natural to Men in Anger, who give not themselves Leisure to express their Sentiments at full length: It is from the same Passion that *Priam*, in the second Speech, treats all his Sons with the utmost Indignity, calls 'em Gluttons, Dancers, and Flatterers. Eustathius very justly remarks, that he had *Paris* particularly in his Eye; but his Anger makes him transfer that Character to the rest of his Children, not being calm enough to make a Distinction between the Innocent and Guilty.

That Passage where he runs out into the Praises of *Hector*, is particularly natural: His Concern and Fondness makes him as extravagant in the Commendation of him, as in the Disparagement of his other Sons: They are less than Mortals, he more than Man. *Rapin* has censur'd this Anger of *Priam*

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Priam as a Breach of the *Manners*, and says he might have shewn himself a Father, otherwise than by this Usage of his Children. But whoever considers his Circumstances will judge after another manner. *Priam*, after having been the most wealthy, most powerful and formidable Monarch of *Asia*, becomes all at once the most miserable of Men; He loses in less than eight Days the best of his Army, and a great Number of virtuous Sons; he loses the bravest of 'em all, his Glory and his Defence, the gallant *Hector*. This last Blow sinks him quite, and changes him so much, that he is no longer the same: He becomes impatient, frantick, unreasonable! The terrible Effect of ill Fortune! Whoever has the least Insight into Nature, must admire so fine a Picture of the Force of Adversity on an unhappy old Man.

XV.

VERSE 313. *Deiphobus* and *Dios*.] It has been a Dispute whether *Διος* or *Αλκίως*, in *W.* 251. was a proper Name, but *Pherécycles* (says *Eustathius*) determines it, and assures us that *Dios* was a spurious Son of *Priam*.

XVI.

VERSE 342. *The sad Attendants load the groaning Wain.*] It is necessary to observe to the Reader, to avoid Confusion, that two Cars are here prepared; the one drawn by Mules, to carry the Presents, and to bring back the Body of *Hector*; the other drawn by Horses, in which the Herald and *Priam* rode. *Eustathius*.

XVII.

VERSE 377. *Oh first, and greatest! &c.*] *Eustathius* observes, that there is not one Instance in the whole *Ilias* of any Prayer that was justly prefer'd, that fail'd of Success. This Procedure of *Homer's* is very judicious, and answers exactly

to the true end of Poetry, which is to please and instruct. Thus *Priam* prays that *Achilles* may cease his Wrath, and compassionate his Miseries; and *Jupiter* grants his Request: The unfortunate King obtains Compassion, and in his most inveterate Enemy finds a Friend.

XVIII.

VERSE 416. *The Description of Mercury.*] A Man must have no Taste for Poetry that does not admire this sublime Description: *Virgil* has translated it almost *verbatim* in the 4th Book of the *Æneis*, W. 240.

—Ille patris magni parere parabat
Imperio, & primum pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea, quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,
Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit, hæc animas ille evocat orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia tartara mittit;
Dat somnos, adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the Copy, or the Original: *Mercury* appears in both Pictures with equal Majesty; and the *Roman* Dress becomes him, as well as the *Grecian*. *Virgil* has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole sixth Line to *Homer*, which makes it still more full and majestic.

Give me leave to produce a Passage out of *Milton*, of near Affinity with the Lines above, which is not inferior to *Homer* or *Virgil*: It is the Description of the Descent of an Angel,

—Down thither, prone in Flight
He speeds, and thro' the vast Æthereal Sky
Sails between Worlds and Worlds; with steady Wing
Now on the polar Winds: Then with quick Force
Winnows the buxom Air—
Of beaming sunny Rays a golden Tiar
Circled his Head; nor less his Locks behind
Illustrious, on his Shoulders sedge'd with Wings,
Lay waving round.—&c.

XIX.

VERSE 427. *Now Twilight veil'd the glaring Face of Day.*] The Poet by such Intimations as these recalls to our Minds the exact Time which *Priam* takes up in this Journey to *Achilles*: He set out in the Evening; and by the time that he reach'd the Tomb of *Ilus*, it was grown somewhat dark, which shews that this Tomb stood at some distance from the City: Here *Mercury* meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the Presence of *Achilles*. By these Methods we may discover how exactly the Poet preserves the Unities of Time and Place, that he allots Space sufficient for the Actions which he describes, and yet does not crowd more Incidents into any Interval of Time than may be executed in as much as he allows: Thus it being improbable that so stubborn a Man as *Achilles* should relent in a few Moments, the Poet allows a whole Night for this Affair, so that *Priam* has Leisure enough to go and return, and Time enough remaining to persuade *Achilles*.

XX.

VERSE 447, &c. *The Speech of Mercury to Priam.*] I shall not trouble the Reader with the Dreams of *Eustathius*, who tells us that this Fiction of *Mercury* is partly true, and partly false: 'Tis true that his Father is old, rich, and has seven Children; for *Jupiter* is King of the whole Universe, was from Eternity, and created both Men and Gods: In like manner, when *Mercury* says he is the seventh Child of his Father, *Eustathius* affirms that he meant that there were six Planets besides *Mercury*. Sure it requires great Pains and Thought to be so learnedly absurd: The Supposition which he makes afterwards is far more natural; *Priam*, says he, might by chance meet with one of the *Myrmidons*, who might conduct him unobserv'd thro' the Camp into the Presence of *Achilles*, and as the Execution of any wise Design is ascrib'd to *Pallas*, so may this clandestine Enterprize be said to be manag'd by the Guidance of *Mercury*.

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But perhaps this whole Passage may be better explain'd by having recourse to the Pagan Theology: It was an Opinion that obtain'd in those early Days, that *Jupiter* frequently sent some friendly Messengers to protect the Innocent, so that *Homer* might intend to give his Readers a Lecture of Morality, by telling us that this unhappy King was under the Protection of the Gods.

Madam *Dacier* carries it farther. *Homer* (says she) instructed by Tradition, knew that God sends his Angels to the Succour of the afflicted. The Scripture is full of Examples of this Truth. The Story of *Tobit* has a wonderful Relation with this of *Homer*: *Tobit* sent his Son to *Rages*, a City of *Media*, to receive a considerable Sum; *Tobias* did not know the Way; he found at his Door a young Man cloath'd with a majestick Glory, which attracted Admiration: It was an Angel under the Form of a Man. This Angel being ask'd who he was, answer'd (as *Mercury* does here) by a Fiction: He said that he was of the Children of *Israel*, that his Name was *Azarias*, and that he was Son of *Ananias*. This Angel conducted *Tobias* in Safety; he gave him Instructions; and when he was to receive the Recompence which the Father and Son offer'd him, he declar'd that he was the Angel of the Lord, took his Flight towards Heaven, and disappear'd. Here is a great Conformity in the Ideas and in the Style; and the Example of our Author so long before *Tobit*, proves, that this Opinion of God's sending his Angels to the Aid of Man was very common, and much spread amongst the Pagans in those former Times. *Dacier*.

XXI.

VERSE 519. *Blest is the Man, &c.*] *Homer* now begins after a beautiful and long Fable, to give the Moral of it, and display his poetical Justice in Rewards and Punishments: Thus *Hector* fought in a bad Cause, and therefore suffers in the Defence of it; but because he was a good Man, and obedient to the Gods in other Respects, his very Remains become the Care of Heaven.

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I think it necessary to take notice to the Reader, that nothing is more admirable than the Conduct of *Homer* throughout his whole Poem, in respect to Morality. He justifies the Character of *Horace*,

—*Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,*
Plenius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.

If the Reader does not observe the Morality of the *Ilias*, he loses half, and the nobler part of its Beauty: He reads it as a common Romance, and mistakes the chief Aim of it, which is to instruct.

XXII.

VERSE 531. *But can I, absent, &c.*] In the Original of this Place (which I have paraphras'd a little) the Word *Συλεύειν* is remarkable. *Priam* offers *Mercury* (whom he looks upon as a Soldier of *Achilles*) a Present, which he refuses, because his Prince is ignorant of it: This Present he calls a direct *Theft* or *Robbery*; which may shew us how strict the Notions of Justice were in the Days of *Homer*, when if a Prince's Servant receiv'd any Present without the Knowledge of his Master, he was esteem'd a Thief and a Robber. *Eustathius*.

XXIII.

VERSE 553. *Of Fir the Roof was rais'd.*] I have in the course of these Observations describ'd the Method of encamping used by the *Grecians*: The Reader has here a full and exact Description of the Tent of *Achilles*: This royal Pavilion was built with long Palisadoes made of Firr; the Top of it cover'd with Reeds, and the Inside was divided into several Apartments: Thus *Achilles* had his *αὐλή μεγάλη*, or large Hall, and behind it were lodging Rooms. So in the ninth Book *Phoenix* has a Bed prepared for him in one Apartment, *Patroclus* has another for himself and his Captive *Iphis*, and *Achilles* has a third for himself and his Mistress *Diomeda*.

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But we must not imagine that the other *Myrmidons* had Tents of the like Dimensions: they were, as *Eustathius* observes, inferior to this royal one of *Achilles*: Which indeed is no better than an Hovel, yet agrees very well with the Duties of a Soldier, and the Simplicity of those early Times.

I am of Opinion that such fixed Tents were not used by the *Grecians* in their common Marches, but only during the time of Sieges, when their long stay in one Place made it necessary to build such Tents as are here describ'd; at other times they lay like *Diomed* in the tenth Book, in the open Air, their Spears standing upright, to be ready upon any Alarm; and with the Hides of Beasts spread on the Ground instead of a Bed.

It is worthy Observation that *Homer* even upon so trivial an Occasion as the describing the Tent of *Achilles*, takes an Opportunity to shew the superior Strength of his Hero; and tells us that three Men could scarce open the Door of his Pavilion, but *Achilles* could open it alone.

XXIV.

VERSE 569. *Nor stand confest to frail Mortality.*] *Eustathius* thinks it was from this Maxim, that the Princes of the East assum'd that Air of Majesty which separates them from the Sight of their Subjects; but I should rather believe that *Homer* copied this after the Originals from some Kings of his Time: it not being unlikely that this Policy is very ancient. *Dacier*.

XXV.

VERSE 571. *Adjure him by his Father, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Priam* does not entirely follow the Instructions of *Mercury*, but only calls to his remembrance his aged Father *Peleus*: And this was judiciously done by *Priam*: For what Motive to Compassion could arise from the mention of *Thetis*, who was a Goddess, and incapable of Misfortune? Or
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how could *Neoptolemus* be any Inducement to make *Achilles* pity *Priam*, when at the same time he flourish'd in the greatest Prosperity? And therefore *Priam* only mentions his Father *Peleus*, who like him, stood upon the very Brink of the Grave, and was liable to the same Misfortunes he then suffer'd. These are the Remarks of *Eustatbius*, but how then shall we justify *Mercury*, the God of Eloquence, who gave him such improper Instructions with relation to *Thetis*? All that can be said in defence of the Poet is, that *Thetis*, tho' a Goddess, has thro' the whole Course of the *Ilias* been describ'd as a Partner in all the Afflictions of *Achilles*, and consequently might be made use of as an Inducement to raise the Compassion of *Achilles*. *Priam* might have said, I conjure thee by the Love thou bearest to thy Mother, take pity on me! For if she who is a Goddess would grieve for the Loss of her beloved Son, how greatly must the Loss of *Hector* afflict the unfortunate *Hecuba* and *Priam*?

XXVII.

VERSE 586. *Sudden, (a venerable Sight!) appears.]* I fancy this Interview between *Priam* and *Achilles* would furnish an admirable Subject for a Painter, in the Surprize of *Achilles*, and the other Spectators, the Attitude of *Priam*, and the Sorrows in the Countenance of this unfortunate King.

That Circumstance of *Priam's* kissing the Hands of *Achilles* is inimitably fine; he kiss'd, says *Homer*, the Hands of *Achilles*, those terrible, murderous Hands that had robb'd him of so many Sons; By these two Words the Poet recalls to our Mind all the noble Actions perform'd by *Achilles* in the whole *Ilias*; and at the same time strikes us with the utmost Compassion for this unhappy King, who is reduc'd so low as to be oblig'd to kiss those Hands that had slain his Subjects, and ruin'd his Kingdom and Family.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

VERSE 598. *The Speech of Priam to Achilles.*] The Curiosity of the Reader must needs be awaken'd to know how *Achilles* would behave to this unfortunate King; it requires all the Art of the Poet to sustain the violent Character of *Achilles*, and yet at the same time to soften him into Compassion. To this end the Poet uses no Preamble, but breaks directly into that Circumstance which is most likely to mollify him, and the two first Words he utters are, *μνησάι Πατρός*, *see thy Father, O Achilles, in me!* Nothing could be more happily imagin'd than this Entrance into his Speech; *Achilles* has every where been describ'd as bearing a great Affection to his Father, and by two Words the Poet recalls all the Tenderness that Love and Duty can suggest to an affectionate Son.

Priam tells *Achilles* that *Hector* fell in the Defence of his Country: I am far from thinking that this was inserted accidentally; it could not fail of having a very good Effect upon *Achilles*, not only as one brave Man naturally loves another, but as it implies that *Hector* had no particular Enmity against *Achilles*, but that tho' he fought against him it was in Defence of his Country.

The Reader will observe that *Priam* repeats the Beginning of his Speech, and recalls his Father to his Memory in the Conclusion of it. This is done with great Judgment; the Poet takes care to enforce his Petition with the strongest Motive, and leaves it fresh upon his Memory; and possibly *Priam* might perceive that the mention of his Father had made a deeper Impression upon *Achilles* than any other part of his Petition, therefore while the Mind of *Achilles* dwells upon it, he again sets him before his Imagination by this Repetition, and softens him into Compassion.

XXIX.

VERSE 634. *These Words soft Pity, &c.*] We are now come almost to the end of the Poem, and consequently to the

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the end of the Anger of *Achilles*: And *Homer* has describ'd the Abatement of it with excellent Judgment. We may here observe how necessary the Conduct of *Homer* was, in sending *Thetis* to prepare her Son to use *Priam* with Civility: It would have ill suited with the violent Temper of *Achilles* to have used *Priam* with Tenderness without such Pre-admonition; nay, the unexpected Sight of his Enemy might probably have carry'd him into Violence and Rage: But *Homer* has avoided these Absurdities; for *Achilles* being already prepared for a Reconciliation, the Misery of this venerable Prince naturally melts him into Compassion.

XXX.

VERSE 653. *Achilles's Speech to Priam.*] There is not a more beautiful Passage in the whole *Ilias* than this before us: *Homer* to shew that *Achilles* was not a mere Soldier, here draws him as a Person of excellent Sense and sound reason: *Plato* himself (who condemns this Passage) could not speak more like a true Philosopher: And it was a piece of great Judgment thus to describe him; for the Reader would have retain'd but a very indifferent Opinion of the Hero of a Poem, that had no Qualification but mere Strength: It also shews the Art of the Poet thus to defer this part of his Character till the very Conclusion of the Poem: By these means he fixes an Idea of his Greatness upon our Minds, and makes his Hero go off the Stage with Applause.

Neither does he here ascribe more Wisdom to *Achilles* than he might really be Master of; for as *Eustathius* observes, he had *Chiron* and *Phoenix* for his Tutors, and a Goddess for his Mother.

XXXI.

VERSE 663. *Two Urns by Jove's high Throne, &c.* This is an admirable Allegory, and very beautifully imagin'd by the Poet. *Plato* has accus'd it as an Impiety to say that God gives Evil: But it seems borrow'd from the Eastern way of

speaking, and bears a great Resemblance to several Expressions in Scripture: Thus in the *Psalms*, *In the Hand of the Lord there is a Cup, and he poureth out of the same; as for the Dregs thereof, all the Ungodly of the Earth shall drink them.*

It was the Custom of the *Jews* to give condemn'd Persons just before Execution, οἶνον ἐσμυρηνισμένον, Wine mix'd with Myrrh; to make them less sensible of Pain: Thus *Proverbs xxxi. 6. Give strong Drink to him that is ready to perish.* This Custom was so frequent among the *Jews*, that the Cup which was given before Execution, came to denote Death itself, as in that Passage, *Father let this Cup pass from me.*

Some have suppos'd that there were three Urns, one of Good, and two of Evil; thus *Pindar*,

Ἐν γὰρ ἐσθλὸν, πῆματα σύνδυο
Δαδύλαι βροτοῖς ἀθάνατοι.

But, as *Eustathius* observes, the Word ἑτερος shews that there were but two, for that Word is never used when more than two are intended.

XXXII.

VERSE 685. *Extended Phrygia, &c.]* *Homer* here gives us a piece of Geography, and shews the full Extent of *Priam's* Kingdom. *Lesbos* bounded it on the South, *Phrygia* on the East, and the *Hellepont* on the North. This Kingdom, according to *Strabo* in the 13th Book, was divided into nine Dynasties, who all depended upon *Priam* as their King: So that what *Homer* here relates of *Priam's* Power is literally true, and confirm'd by History. *Eustathius.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 706. *While kindling Anger sparkled in his Eyes.]* I believe every Reader must be surpriz'd, as I confess I was, to see *Achilles* fly out into so sudden a Passion, without any ap-
parent

parent Reason for it. It can scarce be imagin'd that the Name of *Hector* (as *Eustathius* thinks, could throw him into so much Violence, when he had heard it mention'd with Patience and Calmness by *Priam* in this very Conference: Especially if we remember that *Achilles* had actually determin'd to restore the Body of *Hector* to *Priam*. I was therefore very well pleas'd to find that the Words in the Original would bear another Interpretation, and such a one as naturally solves the Difficulty. The Meaning of the Passage I fancy may be this: *Priam* perceiving that his address had mollify'd the Heart of *Achilles*, takes this Opportunity to persuade him to give over the War, and return home; especially since his Anger was sufficiently satisfy'd by the Fall of *Hector*. Immediately *Achilles* takes fire at this Proposal, and answers, "Is it not enough that I have determin'd to restore thy Son? Ask no more, lest I retract that Resolution." In this View we see a natural Reason for the sudden Passion of *Achilles*.

What may perhaps strengthen this Conjecture is the Word *πρώτον*; and then the Sense will run thus; Since I have found so much Favour in thy Sight, as first to permit me to live, O wouldst thou still enlarge my Happiness, and return home to thy own Country! &c.

This Opinion may be farther establish'd from what follows in the latter end of this Interview, where *Achilles* asks *Priam* how many Days he would request for the Interment of *Hector*? *Achilles* had refus'd to give over the war, but yet consents to intermit it a few Days; and then the Sense will be this, "I will not consent to return home, but ask a time for a Cessation, and it shall be granted." And what most strongly speaks for this Interpretation is the Answer of *Priam*, I ask, says he, eleven Days to bury my Son, and then let the War commence again, since it must be so, *εἴπερ ἀνάγκη*; since you necessitate me to it; or since you will not be persuaded to leave these Shores.

XXXIV.

VERSE 706. *While kindling Anger sparkled in his Eyes.*
The Reader may be pleas'd to observe that this is the last
Sally

Sally of the Resentment of *Achilles*; and the Poet judiciously describes him moderating it by his own Reflection: So that his Reason now prevails over his Anger, and the Design of the Poem is fully executed.

XXXV.

VERSE 708, 709. *For know from Jove my Goddess Mother came.*] The Injustice of *La Motte's* Criticism (who blames *Homer* for representing *Achilles* so mercenary, as to enquire into the Price offer'd for *Hector's* Body before he would restore it) will appear plainly from this Passage, where he makes *Achilles* expressly say, it is not for any other Reason that he delivers the Body, but that Heaven had directly commanded it. The Words are very full,

——— Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
Μήτηρ ἢ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἀλίοιο γέροντος,
καὶ δέ σε γινώσκω Πρίαμε Φρεσὶν, ἔδδ' ἐμὲ λήθεις,
Ὅτι Θεῶν τις ἦγε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

XXXVI.

VERSE 757. *Not thus did Niobe, &c.*] *Achilles*, to comfort *Priam*, tells him a known History; which was very proper to work this Effect. *Niobe* had lost all her Children, *Priam* had some remaining. *Niobe's* Children had been nine Days extended on the Earth, drown'd in their Blood, in the Sight of their People, without any one presenting himself to interr them: *Hector* has likewise been twelve Days, but in the midst of his Enemies; therefore 'tis no wonder that no one has paid him the last Duties. The Gods at last interr'd *Niobe's* Children, and the Gods likewise are concern'd to procure honourable Funerals for *Hector*. *Eustathius*.

XXXVII.

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XXXVII.

VERSE 799. *The royal Guest the Hero eyes, &c.]* The Poet omits no Opportunity of praising his Hero *Achilles*, and it is observable that he now commends him for his more amiable Qualities: He softens the terrible Idea we have conceiv'd of him, as a Warrior, with several Virtues of Humanity; and the angry, vindictive Soldier is become calm and compassionate. In this place he makes his very Enemy admire his Personage, and be astonish'd at his manly Beauty. So that tho' Courage be his most distinguishing Character, yet *Achilles* is admirable both for the Endowments of Mind and Body.

Ἐπιμετρομέων. The Sense of this Word differs in this place from that it usually bears: It does not imply τραχύτητα ὑβριστικὴν, any reproachful Asperity of Language, but εἰσήγησιν ψευδὸς φόβου, the raising of a false Fear in the old Man, that he might not be concern'd at his being lodg'd in the outermost part of the Tent; and by this method he gives *Priam* an Opportunity of going away in the Morning without Observation. *Eustatbius.*

XXXVIII.

VERSE 819. *To ask our Counsel, or our Orders take.]* The Poet here shews the Importance of *Achilles* in the Army; tho' *Agamemnon* be the General, yet all the chief Commanders apply to him for Advice; and thus he promises *Priam* a Cessation of Arms for several Days, purely by his own Authority. The Method that *Achilles* took to confirm the Truth of the Cessation, agrees with the Custom which we use at this Day, he gave him his Hand upon it.

—χεῖρα γέροντος
ἔλλαβε δεξιέρην—

Eustatbius.

XXXIX.

VERSE 900. *A melancholy Choir, &c.* This was a Custom generally receiv'd, and which passed from the *Hebrews* to the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Asiatics*. There were Weepers by Profession, of both Sexes, who sung doleful Tunes round the Dead. *Ecclesiasticus* cap. 12. V. 5. *When a Man shall go into the House of his Eternity, there shall encompass him Weepers.* It appears from *St. Matthew* xi. 17. that Children were likewise employed in this Office. *Dacier.*

XL.

VERSE 906, &c. *The Lamentations over Hector.*] The Poet judiciously makes *Priam* to be silent in this general Lamentation; he has already born a sufficient Share in these Sorrows, in the Tent of *Achilles*, and said what Grief can dictate to a Father and a King upon such a melancholy Subject. But he introduces three Women as chief Mourners, and speaks only in general of the Lamentation of the Men of *Troy*, an Excess of Sorrow being unmanly: Whereas these Women might with Decency indulge themselves in all the Lamentation that Fondness and Grief could suggest. The Wife, the Mother of *Hector*, and *Helen*, are the three Persons introduced; and tho' they all mourn upon the same Occasion, yet their Lamentations are so different, that not a Sentence that is spoken by the one, could be made use of by the other: *Andromache* speaks like a tender Wife, *Hecuba* like a fond Mother, and *Helen* mourns with a Sorrow rising from Self-accusation: *Andromache* commends his Bravery, *Hecuba* his manly Beauty, and *Helen* his Gentleness and Humanity.

Homer is very concise in describing the Funeral of *Hector*, which was but a necessary piece of Conduct, after he had been so full in that of *Patroclus*.

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XLI.

VERSE 394. *Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying Hand,
And why receiv'd not I thy last Command?*

I have taken these two Lines from Mr. *Congreve*, whose Translation of this Part was one of his first Essays in Poetry. He has very justly render'd the Sense of Πυκινὸν ἔπος, *dictum prudens*, which is meant of the Words of a dying Man, or one in some dangerous Exigence; at which times what is spoken is usually something of the utmost Importance, and deliver'd with the utmost Care: Which is the true Signification of the Epithet Πυκινὸν in this place.

XLII.

We have now past thro' the *Iliad*, and seen the Anger of *Achilles*, and the terrible Effects of it, at an end: As that only was the Subject of the Poem, and the Nature of Epic Poetry would not permit our Author to proceed to the Event of the War, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common Reader to give a short Account of what happen'd to *Troy* and the chief Actors in this Poem, after the Conclusion of it.

I need not mention that *Troy* was taken soon after the Death of *Hector*, by the Stratagem of the wooden Horse, the Particulars of which are describ'd by *Virgil* in the second Book of the *Æneis*.

Achilles fell before *Troy*, by the Hand of *Paris*, by the Shot of an Arrow in his Heel, as *Hector* had prophesied at his Death, *Lib. 22*.

The unfortunate *Priam* was kill'd by *Pyrrhus* the Son of *Achilles*.

Ajax after the Death of *Achilles* had a Contest with *Ulysses* for the Armour of *Vulcan*, but being defeated in his Aim, he slew himself thro' Indignation.

Helen, after the Death of *Paris*, married *Deiphobus* his Brother, and at the taking of *Troy* betray'd him, in order

to reconcile herself to *Menelaus* her first Husband, who receiv'd her again into Favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murther'd by *Ægysthus* at the Instigation of *Clytæmnestra* his Wife, who in his Absence had dishonour'd his Bed with *Ægysthus*.

Diomed after the Fall of *Troy* was expell'd his own Countrey, and scarce escap'd with Life from his adulterous Wife *Ægiale*; but at last was receiv'd by *Dæmon* in *Apulia*, and shar'd his Kingdom: 'Tis uncertain how he died.

Nestor liv'd in Peace, with his Children, in *Pylos* his native Countrey.

Ulysses also after innumerable Troubles by Sea and Land, at last return'd in Safety to *Ithaca*, which is the Subject of *Homer's Odyssey*.

I must end these Notes by discharging my Duty to two of my Friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of Justice, as the one of them is since dead: The Merit of their Kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the Task they undertook was in its own nature of much more Labour, than either Pleasure or Reputation. The larger part of the Extracts from *Eustathius*, together with several excellent Observations were sent me by Mr. *Broome*: And the whole Essay upon *Homer* was written upon such Memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. *Parnell*, Archdeacon of *Clogher* in *Ireland*: How very much that Gentleman's Friendship prevail'd over his Genius, in detaining a Writer of his Spirit in the Drudgery of removing the Rubbish of past Pedants, will soon appear to the World, when they shall see those beautiful Pieces of Poetry the Publication of which he left to my Charge, almost with his dying Breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excus'd from the Ceremonies of taking leave at the End of my Work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any Defences or Apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain Monument to my self, of the Merits or Difficulties of it (which must be left to the World, to Truth, and to Posterity) let me leave behind me a Memorial of my Friendship, with one of the most valuable Men as well as finest Writers, of my Age

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Age and Countrey: One who has try'd, and knows by his own Experience, how hard an Undertaking it is to do Justice to *Homer*: And one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the Period of my Labours. To Him therefore, having brought this long Work to a Conclusion, I desire to *Dedicate* it; and to have the Honour and Satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the Names of Mr. *CONGREVE*, and of

March 25.
1720.

A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν ᾧ Ὀποῖα, τὸ μὴ ὀπὶ πλέον, με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ Ὀπιηδόμασι,
ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἀν κατεχέθην, εἰ ἡθέμην ἐμαυτὸν δόδως προοίοντα. M. AUREL.
ANTON. *de seipso*, L. I.

FINIS.



I N D E X

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A

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T O

H O M E R ' S I L I A D .

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*The first Number marks the Book, the second the Verse.*

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O R,

MANNERS.

Characters of the GODS of Homer, as acting in the Physical or Moral Capacities of those Deities.

JUPITER.

Acting and governing all, as the supreme Being.]
See the Article *Theology* in the next Index.

JUNO.

As the Element of Air.] Her Congress with *Jupiter*, or the *Æther*, and Production of Vegetables, 14. 390, &c. Her loud Shout, the Air being the cause of Sound, 5. 978. Nourish'd by *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, 14. 231.

As Goddess of Empire and Honour.] Stops the *Greeks* from flying ignominiously, 2. 191. and in many other Places. Incites and commands *Achilles* to revenge the Death of his Friend, 18. 203, &c. Inspires into *Helen* a Contempt of *Paris*, and sends *Iris* to call her to behold the Combate with *Menelaus*, 3. 185.

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APOLLO.

As the Sun.] Causes the Plague in the Heat of Summer, 1. 61. Raises a Phantom of Clouds and Vapours, 5. 545. Discovers in the Morning the Slaughter made the Night before, 10. 606. Recovers *Hector* from fainting, and opens his Eyes, 15. 280. Dazzles the Eyes of the *Greeks*, and shakes his *Ægis* in their Faces, 15. 362. Restores Vigour to *Glaucus*, 16. 647. Preserves the Body of *Sarpedon* from Corruption, 16. 830. And that of *Hector*, 23. 230. Raises a Cloud to conceal *Aeneas*, 20. 515.

As Destiny.] Saves *Aeneas* from Death, 5. 441. And *Hector*, 20. 513. Saves *Agenor*, 21. 706. Deserts *Hector* when his Hour is come, 22. 277.

As Wisdom.] He and *Minerva* inspire *Heleneus* to keep off the general Engagement by a single Combate, 7. 25. Advises *Hector* to shun encountering *Achilles*, 20. 431.

MARS.

As mere martial Courage without Conduct.] Goes to the Fight against the Orders of *Jupiter*, 5. 726. Again provoked to rebel against *Jupiter* by his Passion, 15. 126. Is vanquish'd by *Minerva*, or *Conduct*, 21. 480.

MINERVA.

As martial Courage with Wisdom.] Joins with *Juno* in restraining the *Greeks* from flight, and inspires *Ulysses* to do it, 2. 210. Animates the Army, 2. 525. Describ'd as leading a Hero safe thro' a Battel, 4. 632. Assists *Diomed* to overcome *Mars* and *Venus*, 5. 407. 1042. Overcomes them her self, 21. 480. Restrains *Mars* from Rebellion against *Jupiter*, 5. 45--- 15. 140. Submits to *Jupiter*, 8. 40. Advises *Ulysses* to retire in time from the Night Expedition, 10. 593. Assists him throughout that Expedition, 10. 350, &c. Discovers the Ambush laid against the *Pylans* by Night, and causes them to sally, 11. 851. Assists *Achilles* to conquer *Hector*, 22. 277, &c.

As Wisdom separately consider'd.] Suppresses *Achilles's* Passion, 1. 261. Suppresses her own Anger against *Jupiter*, 4. 31. Brings to pass *Jupiter's* Will in contriving the Breach of the Truce, 4. 95. Teaches *Diomed* to discern Gods from Men, and

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to conquer *Venus*, 5. 155, &c. Call'd the best belov'd of *Jupiter*, 8. 48. Obtains leave of *Jupiter*, that while the other Gods do not assist the *Greeks*, she may direct 'em with her Counsels, 8. 45. Is again check'd by the command of *Jupiter* and submits, 8. 306, 380. Is said to assist, or save any Hero, in general thro' the Poem, when any Act of Prudence preserves him.

VENUS.

As the Passion of Love.] Brings *Paris* from the Fight to the Embraces of *Helen*, and inflames the Lovers, 3. 460, 530, &c. Is overcome by *Minerva*, or Wisdom, 5. 407. And again, 21. 500. Her *Cestus* or Girdle, and the Effects of it, 14. 247.

NEPTUNE.

As the Sea.] Overturns the *Grecian* Wall with his Waves, 12. 15. Assists the *Greeks* at their Fleet, which was drawn up at the Sea-side, 13. 67, &c. Retreats at the Order of *Jupiter*, 15. 245. Shakes the whole Field of Battel and Sea-shore with Earthquakes, 20. 77.

VULCAN.

Or the Element of Fire.] Falls from Heaven to Earth, 1. 761. Receiv'd in *Lemnos*, a Place of subterraneous Fires, *ibid.* His Operations of various kinds, 18. 440, 468, 540. Dries up the River *Xanthus*, 21. 460. Assisted by the Winds, 21. 390.

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N. B. The Speeches which depend upon, and flow from these several Characters, are distinguished by an S.

ACHILLES.

Furious, passionate, disdainful, and reproachful, *Lib.* 1. 155. 155. S. 195. S. 295. S. 9. 405. S. 746. S. 24. 705. Revengeful and implacable in the highest degree, 9. 765. 755. 16. 68. S. 121. S. 19. 211. S. 22. 333. S. 437. S. Cruel, 16. 122. 19. 395. 21. 112. 22. 437. S. 495. S. 23. 30. 24. 51. Superior to all Men in Valour, 20. 60. 437, &c. 1. 21. 22. throughout. Constant and violent in Friendship, 9. 730. 18. 30. 371. 23. 54. 272. 24. 5. 16. 9. S. 20. 8. S. 18. 100. S. 380.

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S. 19. 335. S. 22. 482. S. — *Achilles* scarce ever speaks without mention of his Friend *Patroclus*.

ÆNEAS.

Pious to the Gods, 5. 226. S. 20. 132. 290. 345. — Sensible, and Moral, 20. 242. 293, &c. S. Valiant, not rash, 20. 130. 240. S. Tender to his Friend, 13. 590.

See this Character in the Notes on l. 5. 5. 212. and on l. 13. 5. 578.

AGAMEMNON.

Imperious and passionate, 1. 34. 729. S. — Sometimes cruel, 6. 80. 2. 140. S. — Artful and designing, 2. 68. 95. — Valiant and an excellent General, 4. 256. 265, &c. 11. throughout. Eminent for brotherly Affection, 4. 183, &c. S. 7. 120. —

See his Character in the Notes on l. 11. 5. 1.

AGAX.

Of superior strength and size, and fearless on that account, 13. 410. 7. 227. S. 274. S. 15. 666. Indefatigable and patient, 11. 683, &c. 13. 877. 15. throughout. 14. 535. — short in his Speeches, 7. 227. 9. 742. 15. 666, &c.

See his Character in the Notes on l. 7. 5. 226.

DIOMED.

Daring and intrepid, 1. 5. throughout, and 8. 163. 180. S. 9. 65. 820. 10. 260. — Proud, and boasting, 6. 152. 11. 500. Vain of his Birth, 14. 125. Generous, 6. 265. — Is guided by *Pallas* or Wisdom, and chuses *Ulysses* to direct him, 5. throughout. 10. 287. 335.

See his Character in the Notes on l. 5. 5. 1.

HECTOR.

A true Lover of his Country, 8. 621. S. — 12. 284. 15. 582. S. Valiant in the highest degree, 3. 89. 7. 80. 12. 270. S. 18. 333. S. — &c. Excellent in Conduct, 8. 610. S. — 11. 663. — Pious, 6. 140. 335. 605. — Tender to his Parents, 6. 315. — to his Wife, 6. 456.

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- to his Friends, 20. 485—24. 962—

See his Character in the Notes on l. 3. 53.

IDOMENEUS.

- An old Soldier, 13. 455. 648—
- A lover of his Soldiers, 13. 280—
- Talkative upon Subjects of War, 13. 340—
- 355, &c. 4. 305. S—
- Vain of his Family, 13. 565, &c.
- Stately and insulting, 13. 472—&c.

See his Character in the Notes on l. 13. 5.
279.

MENE LAUS.

- Valiant, 3. 35—13. 733—17. *through-*
out.
- Tender of the People, 10. 32—
- Gentle in his Nature, 10. 138—23. 685—
- But fir'd by a Sense of his Wrongs, 2. 711—
- 3. 45—7. 109. S—13. 780. S—17.
- 640.

See his Character in the Notes on l. 3. 5.
278.

NESTOR.

- Wife and experienced in Council, 1. 331.
- 340—2. 441—
- Skilful in the Art of War, 2. 432. 670—
- 4. 338, &c. S. 7. 392. S—
- Brave, 7. 165—11. 817—15. 796. S.
- Eloquent, 1. 332, &c.
- Vigilant, 10. 88. 186. 624—
- Pious, 15. 427.
- Talkative thro' Old Age, 4. 370—7. 145—
- 11. 800—23. 373. 718—and in general thro' the Book.

See his Character in the Notes on l. 1. 5.
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PRIAM.

- A tender Father to *Heclor*, 22. 51. S—24.
- 275—to *Paris*, 3. 381—to *Helen*,
- 3. 212. S.
- An easy Prince, of too yielding a Temper,
- 7. 443.
- Gentle and compassionate, 3. 211. 382.
- Pious, 4. 70—24. 520. S.

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PARIS.

- Effeminate in Dress and Person, 3. 27. 55.
- 80. 409.
- Amorous, 3. 550.
- Ingenious in Arts, Musick, 3. 80. Building,
- 6. 390.

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- Patient of Reproof, 3. 86.
- Naturally valiant, 6. 669—13. 985.

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PATROCLUS.

- Compassionate of the Sufferings of his Coun-
- treymen, 11. 947—16. 5. 31. S.
- Rash, but Valiant, 16. 709.
- Of a gentle Nature, 19. 320—17. 755—

SARPEDON.

- Valiant, out of Principle and Honour, 5.
- 575. S—12. 371. S.
- Eloquent, *ibid.*
- Careful only of the common Cause in his
- Death, 16. 605. S.

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512.

ULYSSES.

- Prudent, 3. 261—10. 287—19. 218—
- Eloquent, 3. 283.—9. 295. S. &c.
- Valiant in the Field with Caution, 4. 566—
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- artful, 4. 522—23. 505. 618. 666. S—
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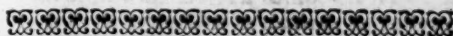
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ERRATA.

E R R A T A.

PREFACE.] Page 4. line 18. for supply *this* Characters, read supply *his* Characters. Page 8. line 25. for *self-considering* Valour, read *self confiding*. Page 22. line 5. for *praise* the Superstructure, read *raise* the Superstructure. Page 24. line 10. for *wih* read *wish*. Page 18. line 11. after *Myrtles distilling Blood*, add, *the latter*, &c.

Essay.] Page 15. line 34. for brings *him*, read brings *it*. Page 17. in the References at the bottom, for *δίκαιος οἷον ἀνορέδω*, read *ἐκείνους οἷον ἀνορέδω*. Page 36. in the Citation from Horace at the bottom, for *Argue* read *Arguet*. Page 51. line 25. for *Sheep* read *Ewes*.

Note, Wherever there are References in the Observations throughout the Book, to any particular Verses cited from Homer, it is constantly to be understood of the number of that Verse in the Original, and not in the English.

Book 1.] Verse 262. add in the Margin in reference to the Star, * *Juno*. Y. 517. for *The* undaunted, read *Th'* undaunted.

Observations on Book 1.] Obf. 35. line 10. instead of Centaurs sell out fifty five or *sixty* Years, read fifty five or *fifty six* Years. And the third line after, instead of *It was then fifty five or sixty five*, read *It was then sixty five or sixty six*. This Error totally destroys the Sense.

Book 2.] Verse 77. for *Ill suits* a Chief, read *Ill fits* a Chief. Y. 665. for *martial* Armies, read *marshal* Armies.

Observations on Book 2.] Obf. 9. toward the end, for a thousand *funeral Piles*, read a thousand *Fires*. Obf. 23. toward the end, for another Criticism upon the 290th Verse of this Book, read another Criticism upon the 290th Verse of the Catalogue. Obf. 32. in the last lines, place the Stop thus; the Description of her Preparation for Death, and her Behaviour in it, can never be enough admired.

Book 3.] Verse 43. for *high* Chariot, read *proud* Chariot. Y. 444. read the whole line thus; Fludes the Death and disappoints his Foe. Y. the last but one of the Book, for *just* Applauses, read *loud* Applauses.

Observations on Book 3.] Obf. 6. line 21. for the *Intemperance* of *Hector*, read the *Temperance* of *Hector*. Obf. 7. at the end, for *Nereus's* Prophecy, read *Nereus's* Prophecy.

Observations on Book 4.] Obf. 36. the last line but two, for *Conclusion*, read *Confusion*.

Book 5.] Verse 647. for *kroken*, read *broken*. Y. 930. for *to stand*, read *they stand*.

Observations on Book 5.] Obf. 10. within four Lines of the end, for 333, read 343.

Book 6.] Verse 451. read the Commas thus, *The Trojan Bands, by Hostile Fury prest, Demand their Hector*—

Observations on Book 6.] Obf. 3. line ult. for *human* read *humane*. Obf. 17. line the last, for *this* read *his*.

Observations on Book 7.] Obf. 29. line ult. dele *in*.

Book 8.] Verse 264. for *Bands*, read *Brands*. Y. 480. for *to stand*, read *they stand*. Y. 688; for *sheds*, read *spreads*.

Observations on Book 8.] Obf. 53. line 5. for *fair-hair'd*, read *fair-spear'd*.

Observations on Book 9.] Obf. 9. line 7. for *to be*, read *to me*. Obf. 50. line 2. for *Helio-*polis, read *Diospolis*. Obf. 52. line 1, for *bled*, read *fled*.

Book 10.] Line 116. for *agrees*, read *agree*.

Book 11.] Verse 702. for *drinks the dry Dust*, read *prints the dry Dust*.

Observations on Book 13.] Obf. 51, 52, 53. are referred to wrong Figures.

Book 14.] Verse 304 and 312. for *Pasithae*, read *Pasithea*.

Observations on Book 15.] Obf. 2. line 19. for *wife*, read *Wife*. and two lines after, for *Pontius*, read *Ponticus*. Obf. 6. toward the end, after *mark by these Recapitulations*, add, *and Anticipations*, &c.

Book 16.] Verse 199. for *rolling*, read *lolling*. Y. 1010. for *great* Achilles, read *ferce* Achilles.

Observations on Book 16.] Obf. 40. line 4. for *mortal*, read *immortal*.

Observations on Book 17.] Obf. 7. line 6. for *at his own Epicedion*, read *as his own*, &c.

Book 18.] Verse 353. for *Welkin*, read *Orient*. Y. 415. for *Milk-white Linen*, read *Manile*.

Observations on Book 18.] Obf. 6. last line but three, for *their own Nature*, read *its own Nature*. Obf. 19. last line but two, for *show him*, read *show himself*.

Book 19.] Verse 372. for *Harpye sings*, read *Springs*.

Book 20.] Verse 1. read *breathing War and Blood*.

Observations on Book 20.] Obf. 21. at the end of it, add the Name of *Dacier*, the latter part of that Note being hers.

Book 21.] Verse 3. for *flying Train*, read *scatt'ring Train*.

Book 22.] Verse 407. read *One place at length*.

Observations on Book 22.] at the end of Note 14. add *Dacier*. And in Note the last, after the Words *Occasions of Mourning*, place also the Name of *Dacier*.

Book 23.] Verse 508. for *mull*, read *must*. Y. 598. dele *or*.

Observations on Book 24.] Note 3. line 15. for *that*, read *thought*.

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Fable.] Under the Article Allegorical Fables, for *Prayers following Justice*, read *following Injustice*.

Characters of the Heroes.] Of *Achilles, Revengeful and implacable*, add Book 18. Y. 120, 125. S— In the same Article, *constant and violent in Friendship*, for 20-8, read 208.